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DAYS OF A YEAR

WITH AN APPRECIATION
BY HENRY JAMES

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THE DAYS OF A YEAR

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

VERSES OF THE COUNTRY

DREAMS AND MEMORIES

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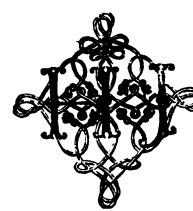
THE DAYS OF A YEAR

BY M. D. ASHLEY DODD

WITH AN APPRECIATION

BY HENRY JAMES

"BEAUTY IS TRUTH, TRUTH BEAUTY,—THAT IS ALL YE KNOW ON EARTH, AND ALL YE NEED TO KNOW."



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NEW EDITION

THE BALLANTYNE PRESS TAVISTOCK ST COVENT GARDEN LONDON

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FOREWORD

A RE-ISSUE of this Nature-Diary, which has been out of print for some years, having been called for, the following letter, which the author received from Mr. Henry James when the book first appeared, is published as a "foreword" to the new edition, with the kind permission of its writer:

"DEAR MISS DODD,—Pardon my delay of two or three days in thanking you for your very kind present of 'The Days of a Year,' and consider it, please, all the more pardonable that I wished to make your charming

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little volume really my own by perusal. I have been reading it, believe me, with very great appreciation and pleasure, a lively sense of the wonderfully close observation of nature, the rare love of it, and habit of living with it, that such pages represent. I envy you your knowledge, your feeling and your admirable opportunities, all so happily and vividly rendered and expressed. I think that if I didn't know it independently I should be able to read some such constant presence as your blest old Godinton into the felicity of your notes; and above all, though you go away and are occasionally elsewhere, it is the benignity of our south-country England, so mild and so rich, that abides and makes its suffusion, so that you have laid together stone by stone a fair little monument of one's affection for her. As you ring all the changes we but love her the more. Well, your year seems closed, but fortunately your years are not,

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also fortunately not my grateful memory of your main scene and its hospitality. I am yours, dear Miss Dodd, most truly,

HENRY JAMES

Lamb House, Rye, Sussex
September 30*th*, 1907

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" Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one."

Plato.

This "Nature-Diary" of one who is not a naturalist is offered to the public in the belief that the memories of beautiful things are a never-failing source of refreshment and delight, and in the hope that these notes may help to revive such memories in the hearts of other lovers of Earth.

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JANUARY

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JANUARY

FIRST: The end of afternoon. A wintry silence, broken only by the cawing of the rooks from the distant tree-tops. Behind the dark silhouette of the fir plantation the red sun, whose rays gleam over the white sheet of snow, is setting in a clear sky of pink which melts radiantly upwards into orange, amber-yellow, green, and finally blue in the height. A few tiny golden clouds hang like a wreath above the horizon, and crown with glory the ending of the year's first day.

SECOND: The brilliant scarlet of the sweet-brier fruits against the snow. The perfect ovals of smooth redness are like little lamps shining to illuminate the winter. The strong thorny branches hang and cross each other in wonderful complicated lines. The lingering beauty of last year's passionate life unites in perfect harmony with the spotless purity of the new-come virginal year.

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THIRD: The sound of the river running softly under the bridge in the dark. The gentle ripple in the silence whispers of freedom in its movement, of eternity in its continuous murmur. The added mystery of the great unseen trees brooding solemnly above the gliding water seems to bring the spiritual life of the outward world very near.

FOURTH: Quiet sky of a windless day; small clouds with a soft purple bloom hanging against the pale, almost golden background. Below, the grey-green of the country, dotted with slowly moving sheep. A day when all storms are sleeping, and the earth is blest by the watching influences of rest and peace.

FIFTH: In the night some unseen hand has scattered a little bouquet of flowers over the brown earth from which the snow has gone. A few white snowdrops shine against the dark leaves, golden aconites hold up their

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bright cups, and the hepaticas show a streak of living pink on their still closed buds. These touches of colour give life to the sad day, and bid hope come again.

SIXTH: Divine deep-souled night, and fresh strong rushing wind, its breath.

SEVENTH: The grand outline of the cedar against the sky. The strong column of the trunk, rich purple-grey like a porphyry pillar —the dark beauty of the sweeping branches perfectly balanced to their tapering ends—the wide spaces between the fringed boughs showing glimpses of pure light—the great top like a crown raised towards heaven, and pointing to the zenith. In all its qualities a poem of generous strength and calm.

EIGHTH: Ths greenness of the young grass after rain. Among the faded last year's growth has sprung up a new carpet of emerald velvet,

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giving all the fields a delicate colour, bright yet soft, like a pastel picture. This pure green, so restful to the eyes and satisfying to the soul, makes the earth yet more lovable, bringing to the heart memories of springtimes that have been. Memories and dreams,—for this tender colour, green in light and blue in shadow, is of the very essence of dreamland.

NINTH: Passing in front of the bare trees, the mystic veil of the fine driving rain streams along, blown by the strong south-west wind, making the landscape dim, mysterious, and infinitely remote, yet not concealing the massed and solemn trees which are awaiting the call to life. The silvery mist sweeps over and across, and the earth, drenched with moisture, listening to the wind, knows not if Winter reigns or Spring.

TENTH: Sunset fading into a quiet grey sea, meeting it so softly that no line of division brings any touch of actuality to the illimitable

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dream. From the darkening shore below comes the continuous plashing of the little waves breaking on the sand, like waves of sound beating against a wall of silence. Above the pale sea—in a sky where purple turns to rose, and rose to the molten steel and sapphire of the coming night—hangs in radiant clearness the slim young silver moon, and, swinging from her crescent, as by an invisible thread, one scintillating jewel, a tiny brilliant star.

ELEVENTH: A long narrow line of light fringing the horizon in the early morning. Pale but luminous, it gleams behind the tree-trunks—in colour between green and golden—sad, yet shining with the newness of the dawn. All the rest of the sky is full of grey cloud, and a wind with rain-tears in it is blowing over the world. The chill fresh air, laden with delicious melancholy, seems to carry the spirit out into that light—to the land of morning, to the "beautiful habitations" far away.

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TWELFTH: The brightness of the sunshine and the blueness of the sky. The warmth and colour bring recollections of certain happy places over which these brood constantly, even at this time of year. Places sheltered and serene, where the sun is hot on the old red brick walls, and the far heights above the green pointed cypresses are of a matchless deep turquoise, so limpid, and so pure that the very Soul of Beauty seems to draw heaven and earth together and make them one.

THIRTEENTH: The charm of the hedgerow in the lane. The old gnarled hawthorn hedge showing tiny buds on the bare black twigs, the long graceful hanging grasses underneath, and below these again the soft green cushions of moss and the clean sweet-smelling mould. Just in the line of shade, where dead oak leaves are heaped in drifts, glistens the delicate and transparent hoar-frost, outlining each leaf with a fringe of fairy silver, and throwing a gauzy veil over all it touches. How the dear and lovable

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earth seems to call one to lie down on her loving breast and go to sleep for ever!

FOURTEENTH: Rising gently against a misty pale blue sky, in which a few scarcely-moving opal clouds float lazily,—a distant hill. The climbing woods give a fair purple bloom to its sides, and high up on its shoulder a deep chalk-pit shows only as a pearly shimmer. The whole scene is touched with the magic of distance and the soft charm of the day.

FIFTEENTH: The cold clearness of the world in wintry sun and racing wind; an azure sky flecked with wisps of white; everything clear-cut and bright; thick sparkling ice on the edges of the river; the tops of the poplars swaying as the wind rushes singing through them, full of ineffable joy.

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SIXTEENTH: The mystic starless night, and its soft whispering sighs, pouring their divine messages into the depths of the soul, messages of solemn thought and of heavenly refreshment. Dear Night, with cool and loving hands effacing the weariness of the day! Sweet Wind, with ethereal breath murmuring caressingly of solitude and peace!

SEVENTEENTH: Warm apricot glow of the generous sun seen through the mist of a London afternoon. A light of golden dream, bringing brightness to the eyes and joy to the heart.

EIGHTEENTH: The blue morning sky paven with flushed clouds, so far off and so fair. A harmony of turquoise and rosy gold, of purity and tenderness, hanging over the earth to glorify the day.

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NINETEENTH: Like an etching, the fine white and black of frost and wintry trees in the square at early morning. Silent and still, in a frame of dun streets and grey buildings, the tapering dark branches are delicately silhouetted against the frosted dimness, and the immovable pointed leaves of the laurels give a sombre richness with their heavy masses. It is a picture of winter, of silence, and of sleep.

TWENTIETH: The almost full moon in the quiet sky, looking so gently down on the sleeping town with her clear gaze, bathing the grimness and sadness in her pure light with the same love with which she is also blessing the silent fresh clean meadows in the country far away, where the still water in the dykes reflects her silver glory, and only the occasional cry of a wild bird echoes through the great spaces. Once this builded place was a marshland, this area of street and square a haunt of snipe. But—in gloomy town or happy country—the moonlight purity makes all beautiful.

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TWENTY-FIRST: The dim beauty of the night in the country, softly lit by the hidden moon. Fresh sweet air is blowing over the open fields, and the distant woods stand massed against the sky. No cloud or star is visible; but a mysterious radiance, diffusing spiritual influence, reigns over the world of night.

TWENTY-SECOND: The pure colour of a scilla just emerged from the rich brown soil. It glows like a gem, hyacinthine, a deep-souled sapphire, in its setting of shining leaves. One of the first bright jewels with which the earth has decked her bosom for the coming of joy.

TWENTY-THIRD: The sudden swift flight of a brown bird through the trees, the delicious soft whirr of the rushing wings past the great stems under the canopy of the dark motionless branches, carrying with it the thought of a happy journey into some dim mysterious world of twilight, a flight straight and unerring

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as that of the soul to Devachan, through the Land of Peace to the Land of Dreams.

TWENTY-FOURTH: Little vivid clusters of new primrose leaves pushing up through the dead tangle in the wood. Tufts of bright green, curled and wrinkled, shrouding in their midst the woolly pale buds of the unopened primroses, a re-awakening of strong life among the brown last year's fern and withered brambles. The wood is quiet and sad, the nut bushes still dark and cold, but this greenness beneath—which will soon be strewn with golden blossoms—brings to the heart a message of the spring.

TWENTY-FIFTH: The long lines of the poplar avenue—the aisled trees reaching into the distance—the farthest of them fading into grey, amethyst and smoky blue. Between the columns of the nearest are beautiful spaces of light and air, while the tops so nearly meet

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as almost to shut out the sky. The straight road beneath them is bordered by delicate grass, still scattered over with a few dark dead leaves. Soon a flash of silver will pass over the branched roof, the coming of the shining pale new leaf-buds, which will be among the first to open to the world.

TWENTY-SIXTH: A bunch of lilies of the valley. The cool round pearly flowers, the pale stalks and heavenly scent speak, not of greenhouse seclusion, but of free shining summer, of pure happines, of fresh green leaves and clear blue skies, of bird-songs, of long days and warm twilights, of divine mornings and delicious eves.

TWENTY-SEVENTH: White frost and sun in the early morning. A dazzling veil seems spread over all things, making the earth a spirit-world of white, the only other dominant colour being the bright blue of the shadows on

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the powdered grass among the fairy trees. No sound wakes the almost unreal loveliness, except the pattering footsteps of the peaceful sheep on the hard ground, as they search for some less frosty tuft of herbage. Not even magic summer with all her pageant can give us such a wonder as this blending of sunshine-glory and cold whiteness, the "soul of outward things" made manifest not by any mystery of half-revealed twilight-dream, or colour and glow of sunset-romance, but by the clear pure beauty of flawless sparkling light.

TWENTY-EIGHTH: Cawing of rooks in the high trees. The sound carries with it many thoughts, vague and wandering as to-day's gentle winds. It has something *reminding* about it—is it the half recognised recollection of a former life? For certainly the pleasure is not one born of sweet music, but rather of sound fraught with memories familiar to the spirit. Who does not love the harsh reiterant cry of the rooks, and why is it so dear? It is as if our souls in their

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infancy might have been rocked "on the tree top," cradled as in a nest between earth and heaven, surrounded by breezes and rustling leaves and crooning happy birds, till the beloved Earth-mother brought them nearer to herself, while leaving the faint remembrances which float back to us to-day with the world-old cawing of the rooks.

TWENTY-NINTH: A bright-eyed robin on the beech-tree. Little cheerful friendly being, his brilliance shows up against the dark branch like a gem. Perched on those delicate legs which seem too frail to support even that tiny body, he stands with all his soft feathers fluffed out slightly by the wind. Dear happy spirit of the winter life!

THIRTIETH: The soft pennons of the catkins on the nut-bushes, fresh touches of spring on the overhanging boughs in the lane. They tell of all the things they will see so

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soon—the first flowers pushing up on the sunny sweet-smelling earthy bank, the first lambs racing in the fields, the first nests to be built among their branches, the first lengthening days when the warm showers turn the hazy purple of the woods to a flash of red buds before the green begins. They bring us more than a hope. They make us feel that winter is passing, and that earth's children are looking towards the sun.

THIRTY-FIRST: In a little woodland nook, stars of yellow primroses, smiling up from the rich earth among their bright leaves, clustering thickly along the sides of the water-courses and round the stumps of the lately cut-down trees. They give forth the scent and essence of spring.

An amber streak in the afternoon sky answers the colour-note of the earth-stars, and all the world seems touched with gold.

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FEBRUARY

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FEBRUARY

FIRST: Sunlight in the lane. A vista of winding roadway, flecked and splashed with sun—the warm light falling wherever it can on bank and hedge, between the old hoary lichened elm-trunks and entwining branches, pouring like golden water into every crevice and cranny, running across the path to hide itself in the deep drifts of dark leaves, glinting among the polished points of the climbing ivy, gleaming dazzlingly in the pools left by last night's showers, casting a glamour on the fields and a shimmering haze on the awaking woods beyond them,—everywhere light! And, following its triumphant progress, the clear and joyous notes of chanting birds!

SECOND: The sound of the wind among the trees. All day long the strong west wind has been sighing, filling the air with delicious melancholy. Through the ilexes and firs in the garden it has been ebbing and flowing like the restless tide. It calls ceaselessly to

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the soul with a myriad mystic voices surging like waves of passion over the heart. O, for wings! O, to fly over those "perilous seas" of which it tells,—away and afar!

THIRD: Quiet mellow afternoon sky. Soft filmy clouds woven of dream-colours, faintest rose and pure gold, draw slowly to the west, across a background of pale and distant blue melting into clearest green. No wind, nor any sound but the occasional hush and rustle of bird-flights high up in the still air. A charm seems to rest on the drowsy earth; last sunbeams slant along the smooth short grass; and all the day is sinking into the deeps of peace.

FOURTH: The singing of a thrush at dusk. Notes clear and sweet pour forth from the little plantation. A light wind blows through the darkening trees, wafting with chill freshness the feeling of spring to the soul, while

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the strong pure welling song of the unseen bird adds a sense of joy so keen,

"So deep, it touches the heart of pain."

FIFTH: The first pink flowers and lilac buds of the daphne, growing thickly on the brown twigs, filling all the air around with their poignant fragrance. No other scent is like it, combining as it does with its own peculiar sweetness a reminder of lemon and orange blossom, and other vague delicious memories such as scents alone can bring. Overhead, in the dark cedar, a blue wood-pigeon is crooning, and in all the garden reigns happiness and calm.

SIXTH: A high hill dark against the sky, and crowned with darker trees. Behind and above, wild clouds grey and purple, with silver rifts between them, hurrying past on the wings of the wind, beautiful but stormy, ever changing, like the changing things of this

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world. While the hill stands changeless and steadfast, a symbol of the faithfulness which is the strength of Love.

SEVENTH: A long curving line of snowdrops like a wreath of drifted snow lying on the grass, just where the fir-tree's branches sweep the ground, and encircling them in delicate outline. Thickly clustered in their dark spear-like leaves, hanging their fair heads in exquisite purity so that one has to raise them to look into their cool green depths —they are a vision of whitest beauty, and a dream of the new birth.

EIGHTH: A tree of silver willow "palm," shining among the leafless woods on the steep hill-side, seen from above like a shimmer of pearl on a dark ground. It gleams bravely under the steely sky, a banner to mark the secret places far below in the woodland where the green spikes of wild arum and hyacinth are silently pushing up to the light.

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NINTH: The sudden appearance of the crocuses. They are still folded buds, but will soon open into bright cups to hold the sunshine. Best beloved of all the first spring flowers, their fairy-like colours come so purely out of the brown earth! Golden yellow with tiny black stripes at the base of the petals, amethyst and deep purple restful to the soul, and—dearest and most precious of all—delicate white streaked with violet, opening to show the red gold stamens,—what thoughts they bring of former happy springtimes, of re-awakening hopes and longings, of hours of careless gladness, of swift flashes of warm sunlight, of songs of pairing birds! And when the days are cold and sunless, when rain patters down and songs grow silent, the crocuses are there to tell of beauty triumphant,—a smile on earth's face, even through her tears.

TENTH: Falling rain at night. The continuous refreshing sound of water dripping: the velvet-soft mysterious darkness; the delicious purity; the wonderful penetrating odour

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from the wet earth and fresh grass; the sweet cold touch of the drops on upraised face and hands stretched out into the dim blackness. Night and Rain, Sleep-giver and Life-bringer, fold the earth in your embrace and soothe her with your blessing!

ELEVENTH: To look up at the blue sky through the trees in the little wood by the river! Exquisite glimpses of deep aerial azure between the polished, smooth, straight, amber-coloured branches of willow—between the grey alder-boughs hung with warm plum-hued catkins—between the light tapering arms of the yet bare larches, and the deep green plumes of the pines—all the beautiful intricacies framing pure clear spaces filled with the remote cerulean from above. The wind makes a whispering music in the trees, blending with the singing ripple of the river; and these songs seem to hymn the beauty of the day.

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TWELFTH: A beatific vision of pink and blue,—peach-blossom against the sky softened by the glass of the sun-filled greenhouse. The pale shell-like flowers and bright buds, perfect in their dainty arrangement along the stretched out branches, backed by the far blue where swims the young moon, look like a wonderful Japanese picture, lovely as the waking dream of the sun-kissed enchanted year.

THIRTEENTH: The road winding up the hill, gleaming after early rain with a silvery shimmer, sheltered on either side by the tall woods, and at its last bend vanishing as if into the heart of them. The steep banks are covered with bronze and emerald mosses, and studded with heart-shaped violet leaves and budding primroses. The birds call to each other in the quietness, as if the lane were never disturbed, leading only into some forgotten visionary country. Up and up it climbs, a sheeny ribbon between hangings of purple and red-brown. Can it be that it reaches to a happy Land of Forgetfulness?

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For it is a way where the spirit might wander, a place to see in dreams.

FOURTEENTH: A tuft of brilliant mauve-pink hepaticas, bouquet of tiny vivid rosettes glowing in their circle of large three-cornered leaves. Little treasure of splendid brightness, born from the life-blood of the heart of spring!

FIFTEENTH: A gleam of sunlight on a cloudy day.

SIXTEENTH: Soft grey misty morning,—a million crystal gems hanging on the beech-tree, every twig glistening with the liquid light. So still is it that the music of the falling drops, as they slip slowly to the ground, can clearly be heard in the pauses of the birds' songs. The drenched lawn looks silvered too; and earth, virginal and cold and pure, bathed in peace, is still

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brooding over the thoughts of night and awaiting the coming of the dawn.

SEVENTEENTH: Smooth sad-coloured sea, stretching peacefully out to the infinite, as if no storm could ever ruffle the waters, no wind lash them into foam,—a resting-place for the quiet idly floating gulls, and a mirror for the sky that leans so lovingly down. Far, far out can the soul wander to the beauty of calm spaces, beyond the limits of the world.

EIGHTEENTH: The wild lonely heavenly sound of the sighing sea at night.

NINETEENTH: A great bank of swelling clouds over the dark sea, as if full of remembrance of the storms that have passed. Above them, the limpid green sky, with its face of evening peace, lighted by one great

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star like a shining tear. The ships in the harbour are showing their glittering lanterns high and low, and, as the night comes nearer on swift and silent wings, the land grows dim.

TWENTIETH: Blue sea and green grassy cliffs, wind and dancing crested waves, snow-white gulls flashing and turning against the bright sky,—all colour and movement. On the high windy upland the gorse is blooming radiantly golden; and, far below, shines the transparent sapphire of the deep.

TWENTY-FIRST: Bloomy rose-flushed sunset, making all the land look misty, and the horizon infinitely far. The grey sea is growing calm after wind, and gleams pale and almost silver where it goes to meet the flower-pink sky. The clouds have gone, and the calling gulls and the faint sound of the waves seem to be all that prevents the world from turning into dreamland, and melting away into the silent spaces of softest light.

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TWENTY-SECOND: The bright moon over the silent haven watching in a sky hung with dark fleecy clouds with twinkling stars among them, like shining fishes caught in a silver net. The water is absolutely still; the solemn hills show softly black against the sky, touched here and there by rare lights from the quiet boats and houses, which throw long liquid golden reflections into the depths, to meet the silver pathway of the moon. Out to westward, the distant sea-line is quite clear—so bright is the night and still—and the gentle reverberant plash of the little waves on the beach comes up like the sighing of a soul in blissful peace.

TWENTY-THIRD: Green-blue water, transparently clear where it laps over the rocks, seen far down between the tree-trunks as in a frame. Across, backwards and forwards, skim the snowy gulls with their black-tipped pointed wings, or pause to hover over the waves, or float serenely on the dancing water. A brilliant sea-glimpse;—and the

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air is full of salt scent and the crying of the birds.

TWENTY-FOURTH: A sheltered bay, bounded on each side by low peaceful cliffs, the calm green sea tranquilly rolling in towards flat weed-covered rocks and soft yellow sands, the waves breaking with a dreamy monotonous song upon the shore. On the brown sea-weed the curling waves splash in whitest foam. The grey afternoon sky seems to hang low over the sea; the winds are asleep, and all storms far from this inlet of peace.

TWENTY-FIFTH: A castle-crowned island in the sea, rising above the calm green water. First sea-weed, then rock; then sweet short turf; then the brown bracken and, pushing up through it, scattered like the shells on the sand, starry white narcissus and golden daffodil. Dark gnarled elder-bushes—under which the rabbits play in and out of the piled rocks, and where the flowers grow still

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more thickly—shelter the grey rough-hewn steps to the high-placed castle that looks solemnly down to the clear sea far below, and across the bay to the distant blue promontories stretching out into the purple mist. The lonely spot will be a haven for many days of returning memories, and will often draw the spirit back to its enchanted shores.

TWENTY-SIXTH: Wild dark racing clouds over a stormy sea, snowy spray dashing against the rocks as the incoming waves hurl themselves shorewards. The north wind carries tempests of rain and hail which, as they pass, obscure the long headlands far out to sea. For one wildly beautiful moment a rainbow spreads across as the sunlight darts down from behind the frowning clouds; and a green stripe of light flashes in the water and discloses a fairy islet with white waves climbing up its steep sides of amethyst-shadowed rock. The glorious wind blows madly, and the sharp delicious air is full of strength and life.

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TWENTY-SEVENTH: A flower-farm on a sunny hillside sloping down southwards to the blue sea. Rows of twisted apple-trees stand yet brown and naked, and under them grow masses of large sweet-scented purple violets. Beyond, scarlet anemones nod in the breeze, and above, up the hill, climbing as if to reach the sky, is an army of waving bending daffodils—golden banners and sharp blue-green spears. The sunshine filters down through the spreading apple boughs, flecking the earth with gleams of light. This Paradise-garden of budding flowering spring, this enclosure of scented colour and life, is bounded by banks of trailing ivy and long hanging hart's-tongue ferns mingled with sweet yellow narcissus. The brown earth, too, sends up her fragrance. Far out, beyond the sheltering trees, sails show white against the dark blue sea, as the fishing-boats fly before the wind.

TWENTY-EIGHTH: Great rocks like columns jutting out into the splendid ultramarine sea, their bases washed by creaming

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foam and snowy spray. Wild, graceful gulls circle round the stormy coast, float down the wind, and sit on the apparently inaccessible ledges. Far below, a dark tunnel opens, with deep green water dashing through it; and in its midst a narrow arch shows a brilliant glimpse of light, and of distant sea. The piled rocks shine with orange lichens, and above high-water mark thrift grows in every cranny. The place is so wild and lonely that its power and beauty strike the heart with awe and breathless joy.

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MARCH

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MARCH

FIRST: A little lonely fir-wood on the hill,—of slender dark-stemmed trees with rounded tops showing soft green against the racing purple and silver clouds. Close by, a quiet old watch-tower commands a view of the sea. The place seems near the sky and far from the world, and is full of the spirit of solitude and romance.

SECOND: A glimpse of turquoise sea and the curve of the bay, through a valley framed by hills and crested pines. Soft and far—through sunlight and blue air—it is like a vision of some enchanted land, beyond the reach of man.

THIRD: Along the wall bounding the road a line of shining glory, a galaxy of golden stars, celandines and wide-open dandelions. Little earth-planets, making such brightness on the dark way, and reflecting the pure gold of the great sun.

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FOURTH: Misty rain over a softly grey sea, blurring out all the land, and covering with a filmy veil the harbour and its boats. Over the water reigns ineffable mystery, and unknown airs seem blown from unseen far-off shores. Even the sad gulls' cries have ceased, and all is wrapped in quietness under the invisible sky.

FIFTH: A cold clear pale yellow sunset over the sand-hills. The wind bends the long grasses over, showing their silvery sides, and they and the soft sand make a wonderful harmony with the sky. A few grey gulls, as if blown across from the foam-crested waves, drift past in the fading amber light, and twilight gently approaches the lonely land.

SIXTH: A divinely lovely rainbow, the complete arch brilliantly shining against the steel-blue sky, and magically framing a dim sea. The frailest film of rain is falling in front of the sun, and the sevenfold colours

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are most vivid where the ends of the bow lose themselves in the water. A poem of atmosphere and ethereal enchantment.

SEVENTH: Mad green waves dashing themselves into foam on the yellow sand and its scattered dark rocks. All the air is full of spray and the salt freshness of the broken water. Turquoise and amber and sapphire and emerald melted into a million shining crystal-clear drops are scattered and tossed by the wind high into the air. Fresh clean shores and wild sweet sea, give me of the glorious freedom of your inmost soul!

EIGHTH: Snowy foam beating on a far-off rock. The line of whiteness shows startlingly from the surface of the mist-coloured sea. A little lighthouse—white also—rises enthroned above the restless waves, gleaming through the moisture-laden atmosphere. A delicate airy picture of grey and white, like a ghostly spirit-vision from another plane.

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NINTH: A red camellia-tree in glory of full flower, brilliant with its deep green polished leaves and shining buds and vivid blossoms, full of strong and beautiful life. It brings a memory of happy southern gardens, where shady mossy walks through ilex and orange-grove open on sunlit terraces commanding a city of dome and campanile in tender violet and amethyst, and where the warm old walls of Roman brick are decked with scented heliotrope and citrons. There—as in this sheltered western garden — the camellia blooms, and the soft wind scatters the lovely petals, giving the ground a crimson carpet, or a drift like snow.

TENTH: Blue-grey sea and wine-dark waves. Round the headland comes a brown-sailed boat, scudding in with wind and tide, and towing another tiny boat in its wake. All coming shorewards—wind, wave, and boats—out from the infinite into rest.

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ELEVENTH: Sunshine and shadow. Deep purple clouds overhang the sea, but to landward blue sky reigns over the bright fields full of light and colour. A gale has raged all night, and the wind is still wild and strong. But the world is full of light as well as shade.

TWELFTH: The fair young moon rising triumphantly above the cloud-pavilions of the sky. Beneath,—the dark blue sea.

THIRTEENTH: A little inlet of quiet azure incoming waves and sunny golden sand. The enfolding cliffs shine with pearly delicate hues, and the sound of the gently lapping sibilant waves and the clear call of a white hovering bird come through the still air, and give the last perfect touch of sea-freshness to the happy place.

FOURTEENTH: Great foaming snowy waves falling on the shore at dusk, and all

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the air filled with their thunder. The sea, growing dim and shadowy, looms solemnly in the distance, grey-green, and arching, as it meets the shore, into deep clear emerald. A ship passes mysteriously on the horizon against the pale lemon sky, and the dun clouds on high are hurrying like the waters below them. But the dashing waves are the dominant notes, insistent and wonderful in the twilight.

FIFTEENTH: Wild sky, dark and lowering behind the iris flash of a rainbow beaming with colour from the fiery, burning heart of beauty. And across this vision, the swift passing of a snow-white bird, like a spirit, a pure messenger of light in a world of chaos. Early morning storm was the prelude to this day of wondrous wildness, of torrential rain, of flashes of sudden sunlight and blue rain-washed sky, of angry thunder and lightning, of hailstorms, and of green and sullen sea.

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SIXTEENTH: The shining bright brown buds of a horse-chestnut against the windy blue and white of a perfect March sky.

SEVENTEENTH: The first little white flowers of the blackthorn, barely opened, like strings of delicate beads threaded along the thorny stems. They are growing on a sheltered bank overlooking the sea, which to-day is absolutely calm and peaceful, flowing gently shorewards, sending up a delicious savour of brine and freshness. The land is smiling like the sea, and the brightness of the primrose-starred grass is a fit carpet for the fairy flowering thorns.

EIGHTEENTH: A deep blue river winding between dreamy wooded banks where the hanging branches dip gently down among hoary lichen-covered rocks;—and across its breast the occasional slow passing of a white or red sail. The stream flows as if from the

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heart of some mystic country buried in the deep slumbrous woods, and so, brooding on wonders, glides quietly to the distant sea.

NINETEENTH: A steep little stony path, leading from the blue sea up towards the blue sky. Its warm rocky walls, where the lizards dart and bask, shut in at either end the two heavenly visions—sky and sea.

TWENTIETH: A peaceful valley in the midst of a lonely country, where utter quiet reigns. The woods droop down with the sloping hills, and in the tall old trees round the grey farm the rooks are busy building and cawing. The earth is scattered with primroses and yellow daffodils, and a scent of growing things is in the air. No echoes from the restless world reach this happy place, where all is serene and fair.

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TWENTY-FIRST: A small island circled round with foam, off a wild rocky deserted coast. Haunt of many sea-birds, the air resounding with their wild melancholy cries —no human foot touches these sandless inaccessible shores. The water looks green and deep, and the waves climb madly up the rocks. O, lonely places of the earth, how dear you are; and how soothing to the soul!

TWENTY-SECOND: A shining golden pathway on the sea.

TWENTY-THIRD: A wild and beautiful table-land high above the Atlantic, stretching for level miles till it seems to meet the sky. The ground is covered with brown heath and golden gorse; the tracks leading to the distant horizon are gleaming with clear pools from recent rain; and the clean wind, breathing of utter freedom, sweeps over the wide expanse.

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TWENTY-FOURTH: A wonderful cove, shut in by high massed rocks of all colours, red and green and gold and grey, its floor paved with pale sparkling sand and warm pools of crystal-clear water. Beyond the rocks and caves a glorious tumbling sea breaks in transparent emerald waves and masses of foam, creaming and curling into the little bays, where the island rocks are reflected in the smooth wetness. All around the wild sea-mews sit, and the cormorants, in pairs, and their cries mingle with the swish of the waves. On one of these islands grows the samphire; and lovely seaweed wreaths hang down to the water. Picture of magic and colour which remembrance will bring back in visionary dreams.

TWENTY-FIFTH: Early morning of soft misty rain and pale blue-green sea. The rocks look solemnly dark, and the waves at their feet turn to a wonderful delicate snow-white lace-work of fretted foam.

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TWENTY-SIXTH: Windy night over the sea. Hardly a star appears between the soft hanging clouds, and the moon is quite hidden. But as the soothing whispering waves come up to meet the shore, the white line of surf shines in the half-darkness, and the world seems very lonely and wild and sweet.

TWENTY-SEVENTH: A woody rook-haunted vale, where in the green sloping fields surrounded by ancient mossy fern-hung walls, the quiet sheep and lambs are feeding. A silver stream trickles through the copse at the bottom, and above, the tiny grey church with its beautiful tower watches over the happy graves wreathed with waving daffodils. The sky is flecked with little clouds, and a slight breeze caresses the tops of the trees.

TWENTY-EIGHTH: Wild wind, and wonderful afternoon sky of barred gold and dun. On the summit of a great cliff, looking

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to the stormy ocean, the remains of a ruined castle whose grey buttressed walls seem almost one with the grey piled rocks. No roof is left, all lies open to the sky, and short verdant grass grows where the floors once were, and wild thrift climbs about the remnant of the halls.

TWENTY - NINTH: Rose-coloured sunset in a deep grey sky, like a glimpse of a shining paradise through an enfolding mist. Silence above; and, far below, the endless sighing of the sea.

THIRTIETH: Sunshine on a heathy upland sloping to the deep blue sky. The gorse is covered with brilliant golden bloom, its rich perfume rises on the air and mingles with the savour of the murmuring sea.

THIRTY-FIRST: Fresh early morning, and a joyous thrush singing somewhere beneath

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the window. Swelling clouds, dark and soft, with silver edges, are rolling over the low hills as if almost touching them. The long straight lines of the walls dividing ploughland from pasture make beautiful patterns on the hillsides. All is very quiet and pure. The little nestling grey stone houses of the village do not mar the open country feeling, and the great sea is very near.

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APRIL

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APRIL

FIRST: A fair pink-flowered almond-tree against the wide bare brown ploughed fields.

SECOND: The little path, among the budding nut-bushes in the orchard, all scattered with squills and grape-hyacinths, a pageant of blue to match the April sky. Spirit of Spring, lead us on once more down flower-decked vistas veiled with green—into the land of "all things new!"

THIRD: A thrush's nest, grass-built and smoothly-lined, holding three radiant blue black-spotted eggs. It is on a low bush in the open woodland, surrounded by a stretch of frail exquisite white and pink-flushed anemone stars and yellow primroses, all nodding in the gentle wind. The air is full of song, the earth of gladness.

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FOURTH: The wind sighing in the high tops of the old elms, playing on the dark boughs with incomparable touch, the sound rising and falling with an onward rush, like the breaking of waves upon the shore. Tiny light buds are gleaming like jewels on the tips of the branches, and the movement and song are the rhythm and chant of spring.

FIFTH: Falling twilight, and rain, and the quiet of the great river. In the dimness the onward gliding of molten silver water is a movement only felt, and not seen, and the glimmering surface is not perceptibly blurred by the rain, which is more of mist than of drops. The barges moored along the shore's edge loom ghostly in the fast-fading light. The sky is darker than the river, which still keeps in its heart thoughts of the vanished light; but all is in varying tones of exquisite grey, and holds a dreaminess as of memory.

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SIXTH: A bunch of glorious purple violets, —colour of sweetest rest to tired eyes, heavenly breath whose balm penetrates to heart and soul.

SEVENTH: The happy choir of birds at evening. They are not yet in full song, but the sweet chilly air is full of chirpings and liquid notes as the rain ceases and a pure gold gleam lights up the western sky among the storm-clouds. Somehow that line of light seems one with the clear notes and the thrill of joy they hold, and with the primeval earth-scent arising from the rain-drenched grass. Mingled coldness and passion—youth and divinity of Spring!

EIGHTH: Borne on the soft breeze, the faint pathetic cry of the lambs, and the answering bleat of the mother-voices,—from the far "green pastures" where the happy flocks are at peace.

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NINTH: Soft black silent "thoughtful night." No show of brilliant trembling stars, no flying clouds nor windy moonshine, but quiet utter darkness and a gentle mist of invisible rain falling. O Night, wrap me in your soft arms and fold me to your heart!

TENTH: The buds swelling on the beech-tree, the bright red-brown cases almost ready to open and show the delicate pale transparent leaves with their silver downy bloom. The boughs undulate gently in the light wind, and raindrops cling to all the shining branch-tips and slip musically between them. Dark outlines and silvery wet glintings, soon to be turned to a feathery canopy of tenderest magic green.

ELEVENTH: The wild hillside field, lone and near the sky, haunted by plover. In the rough grass are their lightly-made nests, only loose wreaths surrounding the little scooped-out cups in the soil, yet so suitable to the

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place and difficult to be seen by untrained eyes. The beautiful dark-mottled eggs, lying open and unprotected, match the ground in colour. And the spring winds blow over them, full of the free birds' melancholy notes.

TWELFTH: The country shines with delicate colours. Over all the little clearings a mist of sweet lilac and mauve cuckoo-flowers; in the woods everywhere tufts of creamy primroses and wreaths of blue-eyed periwinkles and a scattering of anemones and bright dog-violets; in the cottage gardens great bushes of flowering currant with their swinging flagrant clusters of rich pink. The larch hangs its verdant tassels and the hawthorns show a light veil of green. And the cuckoo goes calling across the land.

THIRTEENTH: Foam of plum and pear blossoms on the black stems, as white and as black as the sea-foam on the wet rocks. The

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light bloom has come suddenly on all the trees in the sheltered garden, throwing its pure wreaths lovingly over the still leafless boughs. Everywhere is blossom, a smile of happy Spring.

FOURTEENTH: The beautiful pattern of tree-shadows on the smooth road in the moonlight. Trunk and tapering bough cast their delicate silhouette, transparently tender, on the dreamy light surface. And above all, in the silvery silence, the moon looks through branches almost as shadowy as their reflections, and a few tiny scintillating stars pierce the blue heights of the clear sky.

FIFTEENTH: A little wood, all brown and lightest green in the calm pure turquoise afternoon. And the clear liquid divine song of the first nightingale.

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SIXTEENTH: The building of a bird's nest at the top of the great Gothic painted window in the church. Seen from inside, the little busy shadows flutter to and fro against the rich red and blue gleams of the glass, and the dark silhouette of the nest is rising against the fretted stonework of one of the topmost arches. What a quiet haven for the laying of speckled eggs! And the happy chirpings of the little brood will be accompanied by the sweet and solemn strains of the organ, and dream-notes from the golden citherns of the windowed angels.

SEVENTEENTH: Tossing between the windy grey-blue sky and the ruffled steely river, a vision of white fragility,—tender blossoms, with long-stemmed buds and tiny narrow bronzed and gilded leaves,—the "pure wild-cherry in bloom."

EIGHTEENTH: In the dusky centre of the wood, clear pools of water. One comes

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upon them suddenly with a thrill, these bright glassy stillnesses, holding mirrored in their hearts—as it were behind and below the slim grey reflections of the young black-budding ashes and the nut-trees touched with green—brilliant spaces of silver-white and sapphire, the dream and double of the far-off sky.

NINETEENTH: Clear pale evening sky of pink and pearl, rose-flush left by the sun's parting kiss, a burning memory of past great happiness. Over the horizon hang a few delicate lilac clouds, like curtains hiding some infinite mystery. Below, the dark outline of the yew-trees marks the reality of earth, or rather, shows how far away is that ideal world of magic colour, faint and shadowy, where intangible beauty dwells.

TWENTIETH: The fragrance of narcissus all wet from last night's rain.

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TWENTY-FIRST: Wind and birds' songs and rustling trees,—a harmony of sounds wild and sweet in the chill of the spring day's close.

TWENTY-SECOND: Evening twilight. A pink sky fading slowly through the green-wreathed trees. In the growing dimness the closed white wind-flowers look like shells scattered on some quiet beach, and a sea of song is breaking against the dusky wood.

TWENTY-THIRD: On all the trees in the east an unearthly radiance of splendid crimson, cast by the deep red sunset through a wild shower of April rain. Behind,—a cloudy sky; but the colour, in a glow of passionate beauty, lingers on the trees and transfigures them to a divine vision.

TWENTY-FOURTH: The tiny innocent buds on the hawthorn, among the bright ser-

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rated leaves. They cluster like little pearls, not yet white, but a delicate green with a creamy tinge seen faintly through. They whisper of the beauty to come, when the blossom of May will lie in fragrant garlands on the branches, and drift in whitest glory to the ground. Beneath them, a blackbird sits brooding on her nest.

TWENTY-FIFTH: On the lawn a red Japonica in flower. Bunches of coral-colour on the pretty copper-leaved branches, so bright and cheerful, and full of the warmth of life. All round the fresh grass is growing, and the young bulbs are pushing up to the light and air.

TWENTY-SIXTH: Late afternoon in the great Cathedral. Gleams of light pouring richly across the dusky dimness, and drifting in long rays past the grand pillars of warm stone, through the ancient glass windows filled with jewel-colours of topaz and ruby,

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sapphire and amethyst. The organ-notes carry the thoughts through the dark aisles into a far world of rest and peace.

TWENTY-SEVENTH: A little island, a wood in the midst of a billowy sea of rich ploughed land. Shut in and sheltered by a hedge of hawthorn in newest freshest leaf, it stands like an oasis in a wilderness. This charmed spot holds quite a collection of trees,—tall, slim young elms, still bare, with rooks' nests in their swaying tops,—dark Scotch firs ever whispering,—plumy soft pale larches,—and an entrancing undergrowth of little oaks and thorns, tall grasses and briers. The sunlight filters, hazy and shining, between branch and stem, in narrow points of gold. Any fairy tale might find origin and enactment in this place, any poem emanate from its emerald shade. Thoughts peep from behind the trees like Dryads, and magic influences are wafted to it by every wandering wind.

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TWENTY-EIGHTH: The fresh rushing wind, bearing in its breath all the wonderful new life, and the wildness and thrill of Spring. Singing in the trees, and swaying all the flowers, it fills the world with gladness.

TWENTY-NINTH: Swallows, blue darts skimming through the air, wheeling and turning in their swift flight like wind made visible. Close by, the stream flows past the old mill, and a cherry tree in snow-white dress leans over the water and dreams of Summer that is coming and Winter that is past.

THIRTIETH: Sweet frail apple-blossom, wine-scented and wet with rain, just opening pink and white from the red buds. All the breath of earth's divinest essence is wafted from one of Spring's best gifts.

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MAY

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MAY

FIRST: The first sprig of flowering horse-chestnut,—lovely bouquet of white amid the leaf-fans of pure green. The copper-beech, too, is covered with its soft rich-veined leaves and little hanging downy tassels that will one day be beech-nuts. The earth grows sweeter every day.

SECOND: Shining sunlit uplands, with a wonderful sky of deep blue storm-cloud behind, a blue that finds its perfect answering note in the beautiful mist of wild hyacinths that are just awakening in all the little copses. The gleaming fields are brilliantly lit by the slanting sunbeams, and, in spite of the wind, nightingales are singing their hearts out,—for it is May!

THIRD: A splendid tower of cloud rising high and gloriously white in the afternoon sky, looking down on the world as if in brooding guardianship and watchful love.

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FOURTH: The beech-tree in its heavenly garb of young green. The straight smooth rounded column of the trunk supports a light and exquisite canopy of nearly transparent leaves, of a colour almost too pure and fragile and perfect for this world of wind and rain. Through the hanging wreaths of leaves which sway and quiver in divinest sighing in the breeze, the clear stainless blue sky is caught and held like the radiant gleams of colour in some cathedral window. The whole vision is a living prayer, an offering of loving worship to the Unknown God.

FIFTH: A sea of bluebells has flowed over the woods, and the waves of sapphire light and violet shade fill all the place with beauty. Above, the sky answers the lovely colour, and the warmth and sweetness and fragrance bring a thrill that is almost unbearable in its poignant joy.

SIXTH: Very tall and straight the beautiful slim stems of the ashes reach up towards the

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pale sky. Near the earth, where last year's brown leaves are drifting, the trunks are in soft shadow, but above in the light they gleam like gilded silver as they hold up their bright crowns, leafless yet full of life, to the heights. Far away the wind is singing, and into this music come the calls of birds,—the happy cry of the woodpecker, the crooning of wood-doves, and the sweet falling echo of the cuckoo. And the sun is threading his golden beams through the trees.

SEVENTH: The fluting of a hidden blackbird in the purple dusk, so sweet, yet holding the very heart of sadness. Sweetness of pure sound, sadness of all the thoughts of spring-times that have been—of love that comes and life that goes—of bliss and partings—and, after divine sunset, of loneliness and night.

EIGHTH: Sweet grassy flat meadows stretching far to the distant horizon. In

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them the quiet sheep wander and browse, and above them the peewits wheel and call. The ditches are brimming with clearest water, reflecting the silvery dappled sky, and their surface is so still that the bright rushes and reeds and flowering plants seem one with their own doubles in the water. The air has a delicious chill in it, not cold, but tingling with the thrill of life.

NINTH: The morning turquoise of the sky and the fair green of the trees. The earth seems almost breathless at her own beauty, and the colours too heavenly for aught but a world of dream.

TENTH: Wine-scent of cherry and apple bloom, the pure fragrance of the pheasant's eye narcissus, the rich breath of the plumy white and mauve lilac, the attar of the sweet brier,—all on this glorious blue day wafting their essence and emanation, rare, penetrating, and bringing to the inmost soul happi-

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ness like that born of music, a joy not told in words.

ELEVENTH: The pride of the tall copper-beech,—its young red purple-veined leaves shot through with hot sunbeams, like an altar of mounting flame raised to the spirit of beauty, burning with life and fire against the cloudless sapphire of the sky. The dark sighing boughs of the cedars make a curtained temple for the shrine of glory that is all Pagan, so near to the inmost heart of Earth and transmuted to the soul of the divine.

TWELFTH: The tender carpet of the grass richly studded with daisies. Emerald flecked with snow,—the glorious garment of the Spring scattered over with a sweet, laughing imitation of the Winter that is past.

THIRTEENTH: The hedge bank in the leafy lane growing so summery in its bright

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colours. The grasses are tall and vivid green; the speedwell has opened its blue eyes and shines among the fallen petals from the overhanging wild cherry. Buttercups hold up their discs of gold, and the hedge is crowned with its first white garland of hawthorn, — delicate pink-centred flowers and pearly buds, dear and familiar as a friend's true face.

FOURTEENTH: The moon shining over the splendid, towering pyramid of the horse-chestnut tree in full bloom, the curved boughs holding up the great fan leaves and bunches of creamy blossom, which in this mystic meeting of yellow sunset and silver moonlight look like torches all alight to deck some great festival of love and happiness.

FIFTEENTH: Day-dream of mauve and turquoise. The sky a deep clear illimitable azure that comes with high wind and bright sun. The lilac tossing its purple plumes, the

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peach-coloured rhododendron lifting up its great bunches of blossom, the wistaria hanging its heavenly scented clusters against the old rose-coloured brick wall. All these seem to mingle with the blue above till they become one living joy.

SIXTEENTH: Sweet falling raindrops in the running river. The music of these mingles with the murmurous rippling of the water over the stones. A soft west wind is blowing down the stream. How delicious it would be to lie among the cool lily leaves that sway with the current, and feel the water slipping past, singing as it dreams of the sea!

SEVENTEENTH: The old hawthorn tree in full bloom. Like a great fountain, it trails its boughs of fragrant blossom to the grass. For many years it has stood in this open shining glade surrounded by deep shady quiet woods; and grey lichen grows

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on the hoary branches, and soft-leaved brambles and many tall plants gather round its stem. It holds in its hidden heart the beautiful secret of the thrush's nest, and the meaning of the nightingale's song. The scent of its flowers is of the sweet breath of the earth, its starry whiteness of the soul of heaven. Though so ancient it speaks ceaselessly of eternal youth, whose name is Love.

EIGHTEENTH: The perfection of a cloudless day. Happiness and light everywhere, the sweet clearness holding all, trees, river, and fields together, in its tender embrace. Even the poorest little gardens are glad and shining.

"Love like the light silently wrapping all."

NINETEENTH: A chaffinch sitting on her perfect nest, which rests on a low thorn-branch, half hidden in the brilliant, fresh leaves. Wrought of moss and hair and lichen

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it is nearly invisible from any distance, and becomes one with the boughs, brown and grey, with glints of sunlight and dappled leaf-shadows. The bright-eyed bird sits immovable, brooding and happy, on her warm eggs. The little peaceful home is far from any road or haunt of man.

TWENTIETH: Cool soft twilight; green trees fading into grey; beyond, a sky of clear pearliness. The lines of the hedges show dark and velvety, and seem to lead into infinite distance. The air is full of whisperings and a suggestion of mysteries, and the spirit-world draws so near that the soul longs to escape into its dim land. For as the light fades the whole material world becomes a dream.

TWENTY-FIRST: The first red rose newly opened on the sunny wall, high up, but hanging down so as to show its glorious warm passionate heart; and above it, in

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glimpses between the polished leaves, the perfect far blue sky.

TWENTY-SECOND: Trees of crimson hawthorn blossom in the long slanting shafts of afternoon sunlight,—a rich glory of ruby and green and gold, with still purple shadows lying on the emerald grass.

TWENTY-THIRD: A little dwelling on the edge of the wood. The dark trees come up close to the tiny garden as if to protect it, and the cottage windows look past the bright grassy lawn and its beds of golden wall-flowers right into the cool shady depths. On each side of the white porch stands a sentinel tree,—one a horse-chestnut towering with its wealth of fair blossom, the other a tall red-stemmed Scotch fir. The setting sun throws its transparent glow on the gleaming latticed windows and the tree trunks, outlining all the leaves with a halo of glory. Through the far woods fading into misty

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blue the orange sky shines, and the thrushes and blackbirds in choir are singing their evening hymn.

TWENTY-FOURTH: The bright faces of a row of pansies looking up to the light. Deep violet and warm white, sulphur yellow and velvet black, they stand fresh and straight on their sweet pale stalks with leaves held out like hands in thanksgiving, and exhaling a fragrance all their own.

TWENTY-FIFTH: Delicious rustling of the new leaves in the warm gentle wind—true "wood-music." Sunlight filters through the shade and transmutes the emerald to shining gold. The light swaying of all the leaves together gives a wonderful thrill, a feeling of almost unearthly happiness as if, as to Siegfried, it were the prelude to the hearing of some divine secret. Lime and beech and hazel, in purest shades of green, and all full of soft sound. And, mingling with the melody, the lilting songs of birds.

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TWENTY-SIXTH: A snow-drift of hawthorn bloom has silently and suddenly descended on the land, lying softly on the hedges in exquisite lightness, and clinging to all the hanging branches like very snow. It falls dreamily and purely white, like a veil over the old trees in the meadows, and overhangs field gates and stiles in loving beauty. Only the coldness of snow is not here; the air blows soft and warm, and beneath the white lies a sheet of burning gold.

TWENTY-SEVENTH: Clear glow after sundown, the sky, still full of light, bending tenderly over the darkening earth, which lies cool and at rest now that the hot day is done. A faint wild-rose flush still hangs in the air—a memory of the departing sun's last beams—and lingers on the tops of the flowering trees. The earth-scent rises freshly from the quiet woods where the dew is falling; one great star like a glittering lamp swings above, and vaporous frail purple cloud-wisps float and part where the sun has sunk. In this hour of

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spirituality and silence thoughts for those we love arise like prayers, and drift far away to them and to the lands of hope and light.

TWENTY-EIGHTH: Bloom of laburnum, hanging like rain-drops from all the delicate swinging boughs, a fountain of melting yellow gold. The scented flowers droop and sway in the warm wind and trail their glory at the feet of Summer. Colour of sunlight and the grace of falling rain!

TWENTY-NINTH: White butterflies drifting down the woodland through the chequered light and shade. The ground is starred with gold-eyed pimpernel, and the tall purple spikes of the bugle flower fill the distant path with a soft powdered bloom. It is very hot and still. Now and again are poured into the silence the liquid thrilling notes of the nightingale.

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THIRTIETH: Cool voice of the wind in the fresh leaves of the beech tree, whispering a thousand joyous secrets, of far blue hills and coolest rivers, of swaying reeds that hide the wild duck's nest, of deep-set meadows where the grasses and daisies grow daily taller, of soft fleecy clouds floating high above, of long evenings when the day is slowly dying till the afterglow fades in the light of the golden stars. Of all refreshing things it murmurs as the leaves gently sway and toss, and the tasselled beech-nut bloom floats lightly to the grass in the tree's deep shade.

THIRTY-FIRST: Balm of the earth and all revived green things after the night's soft cloudy rain. The fragrance and sweetness rise like incense on the warm air, the dust and weariness have gone, the grasses are pearled with shining drops. The wet sweet-brier is like some divine dream-memory, the lilac-odour like thoughts of heaven, and the long golden chains of the dripping laburnum-flowers are like treasures from Paradise.

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JUNE

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JUNE

FIRST: The day aglow with life and light,—wind and sun and quivering leaves, falling drifting horse-chestnut and hawthorn blossom, and flitting butterflies. All the world is laughing in the sunshine, under a blue sky with racing, white clouds. O day of splendour, pour your whole influence into our hearts that your memory may gladden some dark and weary hour!

SECOND: The deep unfathomable night, infinitely calm and caressing, soft and tender, bathing the soul as in a spring of coolest living water after the hot and dusty day.

THIRD: Sunlight glancing and playing on the grass, and glinting between the many-pointed vine-like leaves of the plane-trees,—a green dream of June in the heart of London.

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FOURTH: The creamy flowery fragrance of an elder tree in full bloom. It speaks to the heart like a poem, and on its waves of incense bears the soul to a world of happy dreams. It stands, this blossoming and queenly beauty, in a little dusty yard—transformed by the gracious presence into a court of triumphant glory—flowering as splendidly as if the centre of a masque of Summer, and giving its sweetness to the roaming winds.

FIFTH: Cooling music of the falling rain.

SIXTH: The lighting of the sky at sunset, —rain-clouds drifting away, and all the air suffused with a pale radiance of opal and silver and faint amber. The shining wet on the roads reflects the brightness, and all the earth is new-washed, and fresh and sweet.

SEVENTH: A handful of pink Malmaison carnations, with lovely incurved petals shaded

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from dainty flesh-colour to warm rose red, fragrant, exquisite—a bouquet of scent and beauty.

EIGHTH: Only a railway bank, but of living green grass starred and glorified by a sheet of moon-daisies, which sway and bend rhythmically in the wind,—a very poem of motion, a harmony of silver and emerald, and white and gold. Behind, the trees are swaying too,—the tall dark elms shaking their leafy crowns, the poplars bowing with all the grace of slim youth and lightness. A hint of rain in the atmosphere gives a softening charm to the whole lovely vision.

NINTH: A narrow sheltered greenwood path, curving and leading as if right into the heart of a vast forest. It winds in and in, while the branches meet and clasp softly overhead, making it dusky-dim with transparent shadow. Here and there by the pathway a golden buttercup holds its head

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on high—little glowing lamp to show the road—and a frail white moth flickers along as a fairy-winged messenger beckoning the wanderer on to some enchanted glade. The leaves are gently murmurous, and a distant blackbird pipes fitfully. All else is silent.

TENTH: A cool deep pond, quiet and encircled by willows. The dark reflections of the trees seem to lead down and down, and between them the water glimmers with light from the far unseen sky, or trembles with the green of mirrored leaves. A tiny flowering weed throws its exquisite filmy net-work over the margin; and where the water is deeper the bulrushes are growing, straight as spears. And in the willows a nightingale is pouring out his song of joy and passion.

ELEVENTH: Perfume of syringa drifting over the garden. In spite of the greyness of the day, and the floating clouds, and rain

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blown across, it is still Summer, for the syringa blooms in ivory whiteness, and, like orange-blossom, shakes its heavenly scent on the passing airs.

TWELFTH: A young ash-tree in all its grace of slender stem, and delicate pointed foliage of the special subtle green that belongs to the ash alone and harmonizes so well with the grey branches. Its lovely mobile leaves wave and cross in the lightest breeze, and throw dancing elfin shadows. Of the long procession of tree-lives newly aroused from the winter's dreaming, this is the last to awaken.

THIRTEENTH: Sweet sky of striped azure and white,—light ribbons of cloud stretched across the pale blue, delicately faint and far. The distant downs look blue too, but with a hint of dove-grey, and—rounded and soft—seem to stretch and melt away into infinity. On such a day the earth is all spiritual, and her soul calls to us like a voice in a song.

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FOURTEENTH: Golden shafts from the setting sun glancing through the darkening trees, the departing light casting a crown of glory on their tops, and a halo round all the outer leaves which change to red-gold at its magic touch. The sky is radiantly clear, and the distant woods, dusky against it, are full of suggestion and mystery, while these last rays of beauty linger like a divine memory of the day that is done.

FIFTEENTH: A tall pale lilac pyramid-orchis standing, lonely and beautiful, in the heart of the wood, in the path of a great slanting ray of sunshine. So illuminated, and set in this deep world of surrounding green, it is like some lovely solitary soul, alone but happy, heart-full of the spirit of beauty. It points straight upwards — a slender lance—to the light that is pouring down, and round the base of its shining stalk the little red wild strawberries, with their three-fold leaves and white blossoms, gather like children dominated by the springing

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height and the wonder of a fairer influence. The huge, solemn oaks look down like gods on this mimic world, and above is the "height beyond all height."

SIXTEENTH: The hedges decked with myriads of wild roses, stars of pink and pearl and rose-flecked white, a galaxy of beauty scattered all along the way. High and low their delicate festoons overhang the roads and lanes, calling to all who pass to linger and look while Summer is still here.

SEVENTEENTH: Rounded curves of the rich summer tree-tops against the soft grey cloudy sky.

EIGHTEENTH: Deep, deep blue sky, between the dark points of the ilex, solemn and wonderful, and full of the spirit of Pagan beauty. The thoughts of earth-love rise,

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through the grave unmoving leaves, high and far, to meet the feeling of wideness and space, and bathe in the unmatched colour of the vault above.

NINETEENTH: Soft darkness, a mystic golden glow behind the massed trees,—then moonrise! Slowly the effulgent moon ascends, so quietly that she seems to hang a moment like a great yellow lantern among the lowest branches of the solemn elms. The perfect silence is like a breathless waiting for the accomplishment of some splendid miracle;—then the atmosphere is suddenly stirred by the lightest breath of air, like a sigh drawn out by passionate bliss. A few filmiest cloud-veils pass across in the far distance, and a tiny glittering star appears. The yellow moon is climbing, climbing up the huge leafy stair of the boughs, sometimes betrayed only by gleams of glorious light, sometimes appearing for a moment in a rounded arch of soft blackness, till she surmounts the topmost height, and, serenely pure

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and beautiful, shows goddess-like, triumphant and enthroned!

TWENTIETH: Fragrance of new-mown grey-green grass, wet with the early morning rain.

TWENTY-FIRST: Hanging bunches of acacia bloom, swinging milk-white and sweet amid the light quivering leaves, high up against the pale sky, and raining down divine scents. Flower upon flower, chains of beauty, they hang as it were from heaven to earth, and with their ivory blossoms and the faint green leaves, frame tiny spaces of fairest light, grey and amethyst, from a sky of drifting clouds and silver gleams.

TWENTY-SECOND: Cool woods on the shady hillside, still and calm in the mid-day heat that quivers all round. The delicious earth-scent from dewy mosses and growing

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green things rises, penetrating and sweet, and in the thick trees an unseen wood-pigeon flutters, and flaps slowly away. The call of a late cuckoo comes faintly across from the outside far-off sunshine; then again there is silence, till the woodland dreaminess sinks deep into the soul, the present slips away, and nothing is real but the memory of a few past happy hours.

TWENTY-THIRD: The night-clouds racing, flying, and stars in glimpses through.

TWENTY-FOURTH: Sky of lilac and rose hanging serene over the departing day. The woods are very quiet, and night's footsteps draw nearer over the hills. The world grows dusk, but the heaven-flush lingers, blessing the earth with radiance of pink and opal—its touch of remaining glory—like the burning thought of some divine joy that has gone.

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TWENTY-FIFTH: Fields of sorrel and ox-eye daisies, and waving summer grasses, rich hay-harvest so soon to be laid in long, scented swathes. But now it is all growing—coral, silver, golden and green, undulating and rippling in the wind like waves of midsummer sea.

TWENTY-SIXTH: A warm yellow sandy bank, among delightful old gnarled tree-roots, full of rabbit-holes like tiny caverns, and charming unexpected corners. There grow all sorts of little mosses with delicate insect-like antennæ, and minute pink and mauve flowers with unknown names, and curled fronds of bracken that must have wandered from the heathy common close by, like lost children. The hot sand catches the sunlight and is filled with rich colour. Over it hangs a hedge of elder bushes, flowering and unutterably sweet.

TWENTY-SEVENTH: Deep blue larkspurs, great spires of richest ultramarine and

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sapphire,—gleaming in the radiance of an orange sunset. Heat and glow of summer glory still reign in the garden as if day waited, hesitating, before giving way to cool evening. The long lawns are golden-green in the beautiful clear light, and the transparent cups of the Canterbury bells, pale pink, pure white, and violet purple, hold the sunshine till it seems to be burning and throbbing in their inmost hearts.

TWENTY-EIGHTH: The song of a bird, a warbler, hidden in the rustling branches. Tiny flowing stream of continuous melody, spontaneous and full of the joy of life! It ripples from the little throat, and the singer is so busy being happy! The sun glints on the polished leaves, the pure sky is decked with white wisps of cloud,—and June is flying, flying!

TWENTY-NINTH: The branches of the great elms stretching out lovingly and pro-

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tectingly over the earth. Their beautiful lines reach "upward and outward," the brown limbs passing through the masses of tufted leaves, and supporting wreaths and crowns of greenery. They lean to the ground and they look to the sky, and so, in shielding love and divine aspiration, belong to earth and heaven.

THIRTIETH: Sweet but melancholy music of a light sighing breeze in the trees after rain, as a million drops trickle from leaf to leaf, or drip slowly to the wet and perfumed earth. The world is all grey and green today, but indescribably cool and clean, and the sound of the falling rain-drops mingled with the pipings of birds fills the soul with divinest sadness.

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JULY

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JULY

FIRST: Through a vista of grey and white houses a sudden beautiful glimpse of the sea. A sea of many melting blues, silvery turquoise, and steel colour, darkening to sapphire at the horizon. From it comes a wind sweet and fresh, and a faint delicious distant sound of waves breaking on a pebbly shore,—that voice of the incoming tide which brings with it such infinite longing and such absolute peace.

SECOND: At evening, the quiet sky. Low down a great wonderful clear space of greenish blue; above, soft masses of pearl and grey with pure violet edges. The air holds a hint of moisture pure and new, and twilight draws near on muffled wings.

THIRD: Bright golden light-beams through the pointed leaves.

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FOURTH: The soughing of the wind, like earth's soul sighing in some happy dream.

FIFTH: A standard rose-tree covered with large pink blooms. Such perfection makes the whole world seem more beautiful. The pure colour and exquisite shapes stand out light and radiant against the dark rich background of the great old garden trees, and make a poem of Summer.

SIXTH: The sleepy coo of wood-doves in the trees.

SEVENTH: Wreathed glory of the hops; the long vines trailing lightly on the tall poles, delicate tendrils feeling for something to embrace and turning up towards the pale blue sky; great serrated leaves making wonderful shadow patterns on the rich-coloured soil. The loaded poles bend slightly, row towards row, as they stretch across the hop-garden in

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long straight lines, forming arched vistas which frame the far dim distance.

EIGHTH: The limpid perfect blue sky, and the young moon sailing high and serene.

NINTH: Freshness and peace of the cool, purple evening.

TENTH: Two tall lilies swaying in the wind, and shaking the fragrance from their bells. They look like white spirits communing with one another, pale and slim and graceful. And the grave dark trees look down in loving protection.

ELEVENTH: Fragrant drooping lime-blossoms, honey-coloured, wine-scented, hanging like drops of melting gold from the boughs of the magic tree. As the soft summer

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wind shakes them they distil heavenly perfume, and the heart-shaped leaves, so purely green, quiver with light tremors as if some deep moving happiness thrilled them. The branches, with loving arms, hold up all this wealth of beauty to the sun and sky. O Summer, stay!

TWELFTH: Scarlet poppy banners in the green and growing corn.

THIRTEENTH: On a pergola against the azure afternoon sky, imperial glory of purple and crimson, great rich twined wreaths of red rambling roses and stars of clematis, in a jewelled setting of polished leaves. The burnished sun sinking slowly to the horizon throws an almost unearthly splendour on these divinely wedded colours, and bathes them in beauty of clearest light. And the world of hill and valley behind, misty-blue and amethystine, is shot across with the long rays of gold.

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FOURTEENTH: Sweet airs blowing over the world, laden with summer scents, filling the soul with unutterable longing and sighs of joy. Fragrance of lime-blossom and creamy meadow-sweet, of new-mown hayfields, of eglantine and honeysuckle and flowering Spanish chestnut, of dreamy white-flowered laurel and passionate deep-hearted magnolia, of resinous pine-woods and of growing grass,—all drift across the earth and bless her with their balm.

FIFTEENTH: Clear night, the great silver moon looking so calmly through the unmoving branches, and gleaming on the white scented jasmine as it climbs thickly up the house and embowers all the windows, while the fallen blossoms lie like summer snowflakes, light and pure, on the dewy grass. The earth is giving out all her incense, and the sky gazes down with shining starry eyes on the flower-stars looking upwards in the silence.

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SIXTEENTH: Dawn, indescribably fresh and pure and quiet. The vapour-wreaths hang round the great trees, making them look huge and indistinct and dreamlike; and the moisture lies like a silver-crystal carpet on the short sweet grass. The invisible drops fall with a continuous music from a thousand still leaves, and earth waits, breathless, for the thrilling love-touch of the coming sun.

SEVENTEENTH: Soft wind with its wings full of mist, and a grey sea melting into an opal distance, a vision which carries heart and soul far away to the land of hopes and dreams. In the midst of the furthest stretch of water, before its dimness meets the clouded sky, glides, like a white spirit, a ship with snowy sails caught and illumined by some mystic invisible gleam of light. "Voyaging voyaging, voyaging," out into the mystery of worlds unknown.

EIGHTEENTH: From the high hill rising out of rich cornfield and orchard, where the

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old windmill stands and waves his sails in the strong wind—a great expanse of land and sky. The plain, far below, stretches, with its pale green fields, rounded blue-shadowed trees, squares of hedges, and purple woods, to the far horizon where all is dim and soft. The sky is full of pure light, golden in the beams of summer afternoon; little clouds gather in the west to meet the sinking sun, and the sweet wind blows over everything, thrilling the earth and heaven with its living breath.

NINETEENTH: Far blue sky, seen through the fluttering heart-shaped aspen leaves.

TWENTIETH: Soft silent evening. Not the faintest breath of wind; not a leaf moving on the great dark trees. A pale streak of pure clear gold, through a rift in the web of dreamy clouds, illuminates the west to show where the sun slipped down below the world's edge; but all else is cool grey and misty blue.

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Earth seems to be waiting for the telling of some deep heart-secret, to be watching in tense stillness of tranced passion for some divine revelation.

TWENTY-FIRST: A line of enchanting bright forget-me-nots growing straight out of the clear flowing river, and throwing pure blue reflections into the stream. Below them, submerged, wave green feathery weeds moving lightly with the water, and in the pool where the big trout lies hid are islands of lily leaves with one golden cup held up to the sun.

TWENTY-SECOND: Fluttering against the window, a gorgeous butterfly. What joy to catch it gently, to feel for one exquisite moment the soft pulsing wings beat like a heart against the hand, then to hold it out to the sunshine and see it suddenly arise and fly away, like some enfranchised and divinely happy spirit—seeking other and more ethereal worlds—free—free as air!

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TWENTY-THIRD: After long drought the moist sweet smell of rain.

TWENTY-FOURTH: Deep night, and the great shadowy shapes of the trees outlined softly and darkly against the starry sky. The incense of the dew-laden bushes—myrtle, and rose, and lemon-scented verbena with pale grey spikes of fairy flowers—rises up to heaven, and earth is very sweet and still.

TWENTY-FIFTH: The leaves and flowers of a road-side hedge. The complicated curves of the oak leaves; the vine-like foliage of the sycamore; the tiny polished thorn-leaves; the delicate-pointed fingers of the ash; and, fairest of all, the bright soft leaves of the hazel, with little perfect bunches of nuts, waiting for Autumn to touch them to brown ripeness. Everywhere, too, in graceful sprays, stretches the bramble with great leaves and a thousand dainty lilac and white blossoms, promise of

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the rich purple blackberries to come. And the briony throws its winding tendrils like wreaths lightly over all, its large snow-white convolvulus blooms so spirit-like that they seem hardly of earth, but fit to "adorn the parlors of heaven."

TWENTY-SIXTH: The arrow-flight of swallows, swift and keen.

TWENTY-SEVENTH: A green, resinous fir-cone, picked up from the grass at the edge of the wood, its fragrance redolent of the charm of pine-forests and hot scents of summer earth-sweetness. And as the sun-flecks glance on the red tree-trunks, and the cones fall noiselessly on the soft silent bed of needles, the breeze stirs the branches and shakes from their lyres the sighing song of the sea.

TWENTY-EIGHTH: A cloud-like bed of dreamy purple lavender, a mist of softest

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colour and warm odour, filled with a crowd of busy gold-striped bumble bees. The sun's heat is tempered by a veiled haze, and the afternoon given up to vague fancies and brooding peace. Beyond the garden lies the infinite sea, soft-horizoned, grey-blue, in fairest harmony with the lavender colour, and, like the earth, buried in dreams.

TWENTY-NINTH: A bunch of tuberoses, rich ivory-white and fragrant. As all strong delicious scents do, their perfume seems to bring *remembrance*,—is it of some past life's long-forgotten bliss?

THIRTIETH: A silvery light over the earth. Puffs of thistledown drift softly across, and a warm wind shakes the leaves, and sends flying cloud-shadows over all the land.

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THIRTY-FIRST: A gorgeous regal sunset of flame-colour and purple, the whole western sky shot with every shade of crimson and gold and amethyst, through which the sun sinks slowly behind the rim of the world. The glow stretches far out, reaching towards the east where the sky is yet of heavenly turquoise, and every little cloud is flushed with purest rose. It is July's great farewell.

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AUGUST

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AUGUST

FIRST: Soft winds blowing over upland fields of sweet white clover.

SECOND: A magnificent bank of rolling white cloud against the deep azure of a perfect midday sky. The clouds stand up high, in great pinnacles and towers, like the silver and ivory palaces of some far-off city of dreamland. Behind,—the blue—boundless space and unknown wonder.

THIRD: Green freshness after rain.

FOURTH: A wonderful strip of pale pure blue in the sky, seen through soft cloud, ineffably peaceful and serene, like some blest and stormless turquoise sea embraced by pearly shores. No sound disturbs that

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happy region, no wind ruffles its absolute calm, and in its perfect beauty it calls to the yearning soul to come and rest.

FIFTH: In the long garden border under the south wall grows a great clump of lightest white and heavenly blue flowers, the fairy silver gypsophila and the starry azure "Love-in-a-mist." They have come up together, interlaced, looking from the distance like a wonderful filmy web of magic colours threaded through with moonbeams. So light is it that the summer wind blowing from the south-west might almost carry away the vision and whirl it far off over the sunlit grass, out into the park and away into the wide world, like the thistle-down which is dancing in the air!

SIXTH: Sky of heaven's own blue, behind the dark rounded outlines of the elms in all their mature richness of late Summer. In

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front of these a glorious blazing line of pure scarlet geraniums. Wonderful colour — a memory to take into far-off days of fog and rain!

SEVENTH: The hills rich with yellowing cornfields against the high sky. A soft wet wind blows over the earth and the scent of growing things is sweet and strong.

EIGHTH: Grey towers and spires against a cool grey sky.

NINTH: Rose-red sandstone castle walls, looking down on a quiet moat ruffled lightly by the wind and decked with golden and white lilies and their island leaves. The trees lean over, whispering of the ancient days. And the lonely park, with its tall beeches and lime avenues, shuts out the world and encloses the still dream.

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TENTH: Fairy flight of a burnished sapphire kingfisher, exquisite startling gleam of sudden blue, as it passes swiftly over the silver moat full of floating lilies, and disappears into the dim mystery of gold-green aspens and their shivering reflections. Vision that leaves behind a feeling of enchantment, almost too bright for every-day earth-life.

ELEVENTH: Great rounded clouds crossing the sky in slow majesty like galleons starting under full sail. The high edges shine wonderfully, white of silver and of snow melting into the creamy grey of a dove's wing, shading into smoke-colour and deep purple-blue near the horizon. They lift the eyes of the soul up to the far skies and fill the spirit with the joy of aspiration, as does a vision of the divine and distant sea. And the peaceful country beneath lies half in green shadow, half in golden light.

TWELFTH: Dark tufted trees, standing in flat green fields that fade into tender

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violet distances, with a glimpse of the blue hills beyond. The busy swifts flit through the soft air, and the warm sleepy earth drowses in peaceful stillness.

THIRTEENTH: A cool, flowing river, between grey-green willows dipping down till they trail their tresses in the stream. The reflections look like waving plants in some other world below the clear water. Along the banks grow masses of pink willow-herb and purple loose-strife, sky-blue forget-me-nots, and tall flowering rushes. The sound of the distant weir is a sweet rushing accompaniment to the movement of the passing water, and lifts the glad heart like a lilting song.

FOURTEENTH: The delicate mauve blossoms and rich green leaves of a large potato-patch. The lovely flowers look almost transparent in the brilliant sunshine, lightly swaying like a cloud of butterflies hovering and ready

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for flight in the pure soft wind that blows gently over the fragrant fields.

FIFTEENTH: Clean fresh lone country of solemn green grassy hills and grey dark boulders, with stretches of purple moorland and brown swirling rivers. Through heather and scented bog-myrtle wander at will the little black-faced sheep, and the sweet cool wind seems to have blown over unnumbered miles of airy wildness. A country that is grave and silent, but full of the thrill of earth's breath, ever watched over by the rolling hills under a soft and misty sky.

SIXTEENTH: Clear rosy sunset flashing red on the pine-tree boles, and crowning their dark heads with an aureole of glory.

SEVENTEENTH: The scent of deep red roses in the moisture of the rain.

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EIGHTEENTH: Evening sky, a delicate blue-green with soft cloudlets of pink and mauve and amethyst floating lightly across. A line of pale amber hangs over the distant tree-tops; and nature's face is radiant and smiling after the sadness of the long day's rain. The far-off faint colours of the hills appear once more, washed clean and clear, turning to a deeper sapphire and bloomy violet where the dim woods climb their sides. The corn still stands unharvested,—a veil of gold shimmering under the sun-streak in the sky. For one breathless moment the day seems to stand still before the closing darkness and the coming of night.

NINETEENTH: Crossing waving branches and their music in the wind. The beautiful beech-boughs with emerald shining leaves and golden nuts hanging on slender stalks make a light swaying canopy in the woodland glade, and the supporting stems for the over-arching roof shine like columns of silver. The soft wind sighs through all with tender breath,

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and the green loneliness with its sea-sound makes a heaven on earth.

TWENTIETH: Deep, still, pensive night. The long line of woods reaches solemnly to the horizon, and no sound or movement comes up from the quiet mere below. The sky is very beautiful, dark clearness scattered with floating, tangled webs of cloud full of silver brightness from the invisible moon. In the pure spaces gleam a few rare brilliant stars, throbbing and pulsing like passionate hearts. Night of beauty and refreshment, holding the earth in an embrace of breathless happiness!

TWENTY-FIRST: The fresh seaweed-scented shore. The tide is far out, and between land and sea stretches a great flat space of delicious mingled colours, warm rocks, honey-tinted sand scattered with white and purple shells, and rich brown sea-weed encircling crystal-clear pools full of light and

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sky-reflections. Far off the waves are chanting, and the wild tender calls of many sea-birds fall like music through the windless air. A sky of dove-grey and opal broods over the bay, and the feeling of absolute peace, which is at the same time infinite longing, hangs like a blessing over all.

TWENTY-SECOND: In the depths of the thick wood, a little clear burn of brown and amber water trickles and drips from fern-fringed rock to mossy stone, yet lingers, too, in silent pools which hold in their hearts the colour—like an echo—of the far blue sky. The sweet sound of running water makes a murmurous poem of cool and quiet things, the earth-smell rises, and the ferns hold their fairy-pointed fronds as if listening to wonderful secrets.

TWENTY-THIRD: Happy flight of the house-martins circling swiftly round and round in the pure blue sunlit air, which re-

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sounds with their glad cries. Little spirits of the summer, bringing brightness and cheerfulness to the dwellings of man,—as the eye follows your lightning flight, you carry with those glad wings joyous thoughts up to the heights!

TWENTY-FOURTH: Rich harmony of colours—dark spires of Irish yew all garlanded with trails of vermilion-flowered tropæolum. And in the openings and rifts between the deep green boughs, spaces of purest blue from the radiant sun-thrilled sky.

TWENTY-FIFTH: Clear mirrored reflections in the glassy lake—a dreamland of enchantment far and still.

TWENTY-SIXTH: The great grey expanse of the North Sea; wind and pouring rain; white curling waves beating against the shore.

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TWENTY-SEVENTH: Through a cleft in the piled rocks a narrow glimpse of fresh green sea with high transparent waves bending over and breaking every few moments. Out in the distance, towards the hazy horizon, dim islands lie almost cloud-like in the mystic light, calling with soundless voices to those who descry them to come and join the wild sea-birds on their tranced and desert shores.

TWENTY-EIGHTH: The wild shrill lonely cries of the little sand-pipers,—wandering spirits that haunt the wet sea-rimmed sands, where the untrammelled winds blow, fraught with the melancholy sighing of the sea.

TWENTY-NINTH: Gleaming gold sunset between the grey cloud-bars. The far western hills loom mistily transparent in the slanting rays, and wild happy sea-gulls are sailing down the wind.

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THIRTIETH: Triumphant song of wind and sea.

THIRTY-FIRST: Calm pure ineffably sweet early morning sunshine; limpid fair sky with a few tiny wisps of smoke-blue cloud trailing slowly across it,—and a great glassy stretch of azure sea, breaking with a delicious husky whisper in little snowy waves on the warm yellow sand. No other sound in the purity and vastness of the illimitable air.

After the night's storm, earth and sea are at peace.

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SEPTEMBER

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SEPTEMBER

FIRST: Gleams in the soft dark night. Lights by the river reflected in quivering golden beams on the blue-black water, silver glints from the rain-wet, shining on the parapets of the bridge, twinkling lamps from unseen mysterious windows, like eyes gazing into the unfathomable darkness; and, over all, the soft hush of the rain.

SECOND: A wide flat stretch of pale grass fields and golden stubble, divided by the blue-green rounded lines of hedges vanishing at the far horizon into a tender sky of blue spaces and delicate white-feathered clouds.

THIRD: A golden day of sun, though holding in its heart the first dream of autumn, for a few leaves have suddenly turned yellow on the high branches of the lime. The early violets are appearing and meet the last late

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roses and mignonette whose breath still lingers in the air. The shining light glances everywhere, and the robin's song, clear and thrilling, rings through the garden with tender melancholy, bringing thoughts of joys that are past with Summer, hopes of golden days that still may come.

FOURTH: The quiet waiting time after sunset. In the dimness of the darkening chestnut grove a columned trunk gleams here and there with wonderful ensanguined radiance, caught from the glory of the afterglow, red light flaming in the heart of the dusk. Above the tree-tops the young silver moon hangs, and in the mystic hour the unseen world draws very near.

FIFTH: Soft wind blowing across rain-wet meadows in the fresh morning. Each grass-blade sparkles with clear round pearly drops; and, pushing up here and there, shine

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new white mushrooms, some like fairy canopies of perfect shape, some opened wide and turning partly over to show their velvet-pink linings, and all giving out their sweet smell born of earth.

SIXTH: The green lane between the woods. In the still moist air hang the first floating scents of Autumn. On the bordering banks the wild strawberry and bramble leaves are turning orange and red, the nut-bushes are laden with their sheathed fruits, and, high up, caught by a wandering sunbeam, a hanging trail of briony has been transmuted to yellow gold. Through the quietness a few leaves fall softly, one by one. Autumn has come, and Summer lies—a memory—at earth's heart.

SEVENTH: Calm clear cold afterglow. Serene green-blue sky-colour, pure and solemn, is succeeding the fading crimson and apricot flush of sunset. The dark trees stand in massed grandeur, and over their heads

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one diamond star, trembling and refulgent, hangs in the quiet space and heralds the coming night.

EIGHTH: Wild south wind, and mystic waving of a myriad leaves.

NINTH: Slow sensuous swaying of the ilex branches, as if the great tree were dreaming some perfect dream, and vibrating with the thrill of a wonderful secret happiness. The classical dark leaves show every shade of deep shining green; their undersides are dim with clouded grey, as of smoked pearl; and the breeze whispers and rustles among them.

TENTH: A row of single China asters, a galaxy of gorgeous gold-eyed stars, rosy, white, pink, and purple. Great daisies of Autumn, with the sweet herb-like melancholy scent of late flowers, which will be

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wafted yet more strongly by the chrysanthemums to come. One of the beautiful gifts of the fading year.

ELEVENTH: An old drooping thorn-tree, laden with rich bunches of brilliant crimson fruit so gloriously promised by the masses of white bloom in far-off nightingale time. The day is moist and grey, and rain-tears shake from the branches to earth's bosom, but the shining berries hang in bounteous harvest for the birds, and glow with warm colour and beauty.

TWELFTH: In the dark wood, a sudden flash of sunshine irradiating a little magic circle with dazzling light, a tiny space of jewel-colours, gold on the warm earth, silver on the bright leaves, and a magic gleam of emerald where the transparent edge of some grass-blade is caught by the wandering glory. This bit of enchantment in the surrounding dimness is startlingly beautiful. In the air hangs a heavenly odour of wild violets. Is

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it from the leaves of the hidden plants among the mosses, or some emanation from the spirit of last spring's white and purple flowers? For on such divine days Autumn is fraught with memories of Spring.

THIRTEENTH: The glittering elfin vision of a gorgeous dragon-fly in all the hues of burnished copper and of gold. It flits past in the brilliant sunlit garden like a flickering wandering flame, a wondrous little being in coat of mail, on quest of some divine adventure, from the land of faëry and of dream.

FOURTEENTH: A glorious sky, so clear that the eye seems to travel on into its depths to distance unending; the earth below bathed in sunlight; a world of azure and of gold. The ruby and garnet leaves of the Virginia creeper, climbing high, rise like flames in the bright atmosphere, and reach long tendrils up towards the blue.

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FIFTEENTH: Mid-day in the warm garden. The early Michaelmas daisies, in every shade of lilac, mauve, and purple, are all coming out in bud and flower; and, sunning themselves in ecstasy of happiness on the open starry blossoms, a company of red admiral butterflies open and shut their wings of wondrous fretted colours.

SIXTEENTH: Soft misty afternoon sky, with shafts of primrose light filtering through pale clouds of pearl and grey,—the air carrying whiffs of thymy scent from the hops. A day of tenderness and lightly woven dreamings.

SEVENTEENTH: Twilight,—a lingering wine-colour in the sky, and a golden aureole resting on the top of the bright grass. Over the dim trees hang shimmering crowns of pale stars in the radiance left by the departed sun. A poem of peace to end the heavenly day.

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EIGHTEENTH: A quiet place by the river, where it bends round the little wood. The water ripples softly as it swings past the curve, and the larches overhead whisper together and wave their branches over the flow. A tiny gleam of silver light travels up the stream as a bright-eyed vole swims across to the further bank, where he sits, shaking his wet fur, and turning his small quick head from side to side. Then he plunges in and swims on again, till the bright comet-like trail of light disappears. The murmur of the larches dies down for a space, then swells into song again.

NINETEENTH: A view of calm waveless sea, opalescent, wrapt in dreams, under the brooding dove-coloured sky. The cliffs, half transparent like milky crystal in the misty light, lean down over the water, as if lovingly watching. No wind nor any moving thing stirs. All is peace.

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TWENTIETH: Fragrance and delicate colour of the lingering tea-roses in the garden. These late blooms are quite as perfect as the summer ones, as unsullied in soft, unfolding petal, as brilliant in shining burnished leaf. They grow so lightly at the end of the long stalks, cream and yellow shading to orange and apricot, palest warm flesh-pink to deepest carmine and scarlet, with long buds like "thin flames." Their fair heads glimmer as illumined chalices against the rich velvet green of the yew hedge. And their scent, which the soft wind wafts afar, is full of golden-hearted memories of summer.

TWENTY-FIRST: Warmth and scent of the sun-blest earth.

TWENTY-SECOND: A branch of oak,—the dark, knotted twigs supporting the bunches of bright notched leaves, and in the centre of the topmost tuft two fairy acorns, little rough

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brown cups holding the smooth ovals of palest green, touched with pink. They are like some dainty elfin toy; and each year, as they grow from pin-points to rounded fruits on the dark boughs, they seem to call back half-forgotten memories of past autumns in some dim former life.

TWENTY-THIRD: The dying leaves lying like wonderful mosaic on the smooth emerald lawn,—many-pointed amber stars from the yellowing maples,—and, from the hazels, gilded patines rounded and bright. Through the sunlight the wind has a thrill of cold in its breath, and the rooks caw as they hover over the ripening walnuts. The leaves are drifting down, only a few as yet; the elms are hanging great golden shields on their green walls; and all the colour of the day is touched with gold.

TWENTY-FOURTH: The river kissed and dimpled by the rain.

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TWENTY-FIFTH: Standing in a dim, green field—a lonely willow, with all its narrow leaves turned to flame-colour, flickering to the dark sky. Living and brilliant, it is like a fire of Love, burning in the greyness of the world, holding in its heart the glory of passionate happiness, brightening all around it with the reflection of its crowned and perfect joy.

TWENTY-SIXTH: A little company of autumn crocuses, lilac and delicate white, lighting up the deep grass under the solemn trees. Pure and fragile on the pale tall stalks, they hold up their fair heads like transparent goblets of some enchanted wine, or like tiny lamps shining with a magic pearly glow, in the dusk, on summer's grave.

TWENTY-SEVENTH: Silver light shining palely bright between the distant tree-stems in the wood. The old gnarled giant hornbeams lean close together and recall vague

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stories of the past. In the shadow caused by their thick leafiness the bracken, reddening now, grows deep and untrodden half-way up their trunks. The rabbits play undisturbed. And at the end of the dim vistas gleams a far-off sky.

TWENTY-EIGHTH: Soft dreamy wind in distant poplar trees.

TWENTY-NINTH: Ploughing in the upland fields; the plough sailing smoothly through the wave-like furrows, the strong gentle-faced horses doing their work steadily and well, with all their strength, nobly obeying the slight boy who guides them. The rich brown earth shines, evenly cut, as it catches the light. And the hazy distant sun gleams softly, and all the barred grey sky is full of whirling birds.

THIRTIETH: The slow flushing of the sunset sky to radiant flame. A stretch of lilac

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cloud floats upward, as if to reach the topmost heights of heaven, growing from pink to rose, and rose to scarlet till the light becomes divine; and outer streamers of warm pearl stretch across a colder space of golden green and pale turquoise. The hills are crowned with the transcendent glow, and the earth breathlessly receives the benison of wondrous glory, the tenderness of whose touch still lingers as the colour fades away.

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OCTOBER

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OCTOBER

FIRST: Wonderful and perfect silence in the woods on a windless day.

SECOND: Night, full of the glamour of dreams. Earth lies indistinct in the darkness, and in the sky—seen through a film of transparent invisible cloud—the large low stars are surrounded with glorious silver haloes giving them a divine beauty, like the faces of saints transfigured by a mist of happy tears.

THIRD: A wide view from a hill, over a great distance, in the soft afternoon light. The nearer fields and woods, all pale greens and blues, send up the sweet breath of growing things. The country recedes far and far—till it melts and dissolves into a sea-like horizon—to a land of dreaminess and utter stillness, beyond which lies the invisible ocean. The vast soul-satisfying space of the sky—cloudless

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and delicately shaded from opal to lemon yellow—is centred by a round pale sun, who casts over all his kingdom a glory of translucent gold. The windless atmosphere is traversed by the wild wings of migrating birds.

FOURTH: Wild night and cloud and wind and shimmering stars.

FIFTH: The great beech-tree changing slowly to autumnal colouring. The leaves are burnished and shining with every shade of copper, red-brown, and gold, while the straight strong stem retains its smooth gleam of mother-of-pearl and silver. So the whole tree glistens like a gorgeous piece of jewelled nature-workmanship; and the deep blue sky that over-arches it and shows in spaces of divine colour between the rich leaves is clear and bright as a precious enamel-setting to the perfect picture.

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SIXTH: On all the sunny ledges of the old house, on window-sill and porch, rows of little house-martins are sitting, warming themselves as they collect for their flight to foreign lands. Dear tiny soft things, some still quite young, with brilliant eyes, white breasts and dark backs, and a beautiful length of pointed wing. They all huddle together, the sun glinting on the glossy blue and brown feathers, and their soft fluff blown about by the breeze. The least disturbance or movement sends a flight of them into the air, light as thistledown. They skim for a moment against the azure sky, then return again to the warm resting-places. Soon they will all have gone, and will leave a blank behind them till summer brings them back once more.

SEVENTH: A bloom of "Cheshunt Hybrid," rich crimson rose of perfect shape and colour, sending from its warm red heart a glorious fragrance of attar and damask, which brings a divine memory of hot sunshine, and smiling summer long since melted into dream.

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EIGHTH: In the aerial height a rift of rain-washed blue between the clouds.

NINTH: A little cottage garden,—a narrow strip looking to the south, centred by a flagged path of old flat worn stones. On each side grow great bouquets of Michaelmas daisies and tall white marguerites, and in their shelter rows of green cabbage and ruddy beetroot, wide spreading rhubarb leaves, and a tangle of yellow and orange nasturtiums. Over the cottage door hang lovely trailing garlands of red Virginia creeper. Beyond lies the sweet open country of field and hedge and wayside tree, meeting a tender drooping grey-dappled sky, faintly touched with rose and gold.

TENTH: The crossing branches of the lime, with their half transparent yellowing leaves, tipped with the oval rosy polished buds which are to grow into next year's shade and glory.

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ELEVENTH: Wild cold freshness of the early morning; sparkling drops thickly silvering all the grass; blue sky with a tangle of whitest filmiest cloud; clear sunlight; a thrill in the wind; and a shower of gold drifting down from sycamore and larch and lime.

TWELFTH: A young cherry-tree in glorious dress of carmine and vermilion, every long drooping leaf glowing with colour. It reigns over the orchard like a king in royal robes; for all the other trees, planted in rows that carry the eye down fascinating vistas, are as yet green or only lightly touched with russet. No wind stirs, the earth rests in perfect calm, and the red leaves shine undimmed by the slight mist that rolls over the hills.

THIRTEENTH: The grey flight of wood-pigeons in the dim shade-haunted grove of beeches, where the tall trunks are like pillars dark and majestic in a sacred temple. There is the passing of the wild wings—then silence—under the quiet and solemn trees.

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FOURTEENTH: Violets in bloom again! In the mild October sunshine all the sweet winter-flowering violets have come out,—the rich double Parma, the great long-stalked purple Princess of Wales, and, best of all, the small dark bright ones that have come from an old Scotch garden, awakening memories of those that bloom in Italy in the earliest spring, and deck with amethyst glory the quiet graves of Keats and Shelley.

FIFTEENTH: Silent unending procession of soft clouds across the sky, to the accompaniment of sighing heavenly melancholy wind-music drawn from the bending trees. The clouds pass and pass, driven by the west wind from lands unknown.

SIXTEENTH: The horse-chestnut trees in their glorious panoply of sun-shot green and orange and amber-yellow, so brilliant that a golden light seems to dwell ever under the

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great spreading branches. Sometimes a broad fan-leaf whirls slowly downwards; or with sudden thud a fruit falls to the brown earth and splits as it touches ground, showing in the silky white lining the polished mahogany nut within.

SEVENTEENTH: Delicate intricate fretted tracery of innumerable oak-leaves against the pale roof of purest blue.

EIGHTEENTH: A gleaming vision,—sun on golden leaves.

NINETEENTH: Flying sunlight and shadow;—the bright hills embowered in purple woods; a vivid sapphire sky decked with dazzling silver-white clouds; and a strong and splendid fresh wind full of the joy of life.

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TWENTIETH: A glorious carpet of newly fallen foliage, brought down in all its beauty by the night's hard frost. The earth is spread with a deep rich covering of warm russet and copper, crimson and red—thickly scattered leaves of all lovely shapes—and, thrown down here and there in wonderful patterns on the subtle colours, great fans of horse-chestnut, gold and green. And the almost bared trees stand, in purest outline of stem and branch, holding out hands that wait for the touch of spring.

TWENTY-FIRST: Soft bubbling of cool grey river-water over the little stones, and the sighing of silvery willow leaves above.

TWENTY-SECOND: The wind in the dry-leaved woods, and the wonderful beauty of the pale sunshine gilding the slender stems of the swaying hazels and ashes. And the happy companionship of a little brilliant robin, matching in brown and red the colour of the fallen leaves around him.

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TWENTY-THIRD: Long shining stretches of the ploughed fields; bronzed hedgerow trees holding in their hearts mysterious smoke-blue shadows, like secret thoughts; a silver-pale sky; and the echoing voices of the cawing rooks.

TWENTY-FOURTH: The red sun sinking in a mist of grey.

TWENTY-FIFTH: The calm cattle lying in statuesque dignity on the pallid grass lit with beams of sunlight. Peaceful and still they repose. Great broad backs shining like satin; limbs folded beneath them; placid faces with wide liquid eyes between the white arched horns; sweet breath rising on the morning air. Across the far pale cobalt sky soft clouds drift with the wind.

TWENTY-SIXTH: The quiet autumnal garden, filled with the sweet melancholy

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odour of the mellow falling leaves; and, showing a burning spot of colour against the fiery copper of the beech, the bright head of one glorious crimson rose.

TWENTY-SEVENTH: A smooth dewy golden quince, dropped from the amber-leaved tree on the wet sunny grass. Beautiful in colour and shape, an irregular oval, tipped by a tiny black star, and with a rounded knob where it hung from the stalk,—it has a wonderful subtle scent of mingled pine and apple and bergamot. It seems a divine gift from some garden of enchantment, whose magic and aroma it brings —with the sunlight—to a world that still smiles, where winter comes not yet.

TWENTY-EIGHTH: Orange sunset over the still grey sea, the glow reflected in long lines on the wet sands just left by the outgoing tide. The sea in the mysterious light

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seems to be withdrawing into infinity; and the wide-winged seagulls hover between water and sky, like thoughts between the heights and depths. The soft insistent whisper of the waves mingles with their clear cries, and golden shafts of brightness filter through the brooding clouds.

TWENTY-NINTH: The stainless cobalt of the morning sky.

THIRTIETH: Wild sweet day with a south wind harping in the trees, and stripping the warm glory from their branches. The air is full of brown gold and bronze leaves whirling and dancing; while through the scudding clouds come vivid gleams of sunlight, and unspeakably blue glimpses of far sky. And last night's rain has drenched the earth and turned the lawn to a stretch of sparkling emerald.

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OCTOBER

THIRTY-FIRST : Strong untamed flight of wild duck across the stormy wind-driven clouds of the autumn sky. Calling, they pass swiftly, high over the rain-soaked country, beyond the reed-edged swollen river, into the dark blue unknown distance.

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NOVEMBER

FIRST: First pure pale yellow stars of the winter-flowering jasmine, the shining blossoms that come before any leaf, and, with the bright stalks and oval buds, hang and twine in lovely wreaths round the window. Such a jewel of colour is a treasure now, when the trees grow greyer and barer every day, and the wind has borne away the last of the scented rose-leaves.

SECOND: Sudden sun-gleam on the rain-wet woods, giving the line of trees a haloed glory of dazzling orange and molten gold, against the bank of indigo storm-clouds. The quick transformation of a smile on earth's sad face, now radiant with divine joy after weeping.

THIRD: Silver clustered stars, caught in the tangled branches of the trees.

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FOURTH: The avenue of ancient elms, after the wild cold rain, suddenly turned to wonderful amber yellow, in splendid contrast to the rich brown boles. The afternoon is very still; only the flutter of a falling leaf now and then marks the passing of the hour and day and year. The trees, like triumphant golden towers of some magic city, rise, straight and tall and immovable, towards the heaven, and the earth waits in tranced silence.

FIFTH: A flock of lapwings wheeling and circling in the air, flashing into sudden brightness as they veer round and their snow-white bodies catch the sunlight, then turning to a dark flying cloud again when the green-black backs and wings are uppermost. Happy birds, with their wild clear cries and their free life on the uplands and the hills!

SIXTH: A walk in the shining open fields, and the wild fresh soft buffetings of the strong south wind.

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NOVEMBER

SEVENTH: Strange wonderful night of unearthly beauty, the world lying veiled in a mystic sleep. A light diaphanous vapour wraps the wet grass and the silent trees, which seem but intangible brooding shadows. The silver floating mist is all woven through with white moonlight, and high above the earth in her dim dream, hangs the dark blue sky arching splendidly over, and jewelled thickly with clear stars. No sound in the breathless quietude but the musical falling tear-drops from the unseen leaves. The spiritual beauty is almost too divine for mortal understanding, but its balm sheds on the soul a blessing beyond all words.

EIGHTH: Pure white frost covering the earth. A wonderful sky, of indefinite colour over the horizon, melting into amethyst-pink, like the tender bloom on a dove's breast, and, in the height, changing from purple to radiant azure.

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NINTH: The sweet piping of some little unseen bird in the utter stillness of the dark late mist-haunted afternoon. The fir trees stand, green and silent; they have hushed their sighing sea-music to listen. The song flows on unceasingly, a stream of joy, like a voice from the garden of Paradise, telling of unending bliss!

TENTH: The "edge of the dusk,"—twilight slowly, softly falling, wrapping in a tender misty veil the quiet woods and hedgerows, blurring the outlines of field and hill, and giving an enchanted distance to the sky. Peace has drifted gently down and broods over everything like the thoughts of some lonely-happy soul. The slim trees, stretching out bare arms over their fallen leaves, hold in their hearts the secrets of the spring: and the soil, fresh and moist, sends up its aromatic fragrance. All grows dark as earth is folded gradually in the mantle of sleep.

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ELEVENTH: Swiftly wildly thrilling, the clear whistling of a blackbird in the windy dawn.

TWELFTH: A branch of the spindle-tree, hung with the lovely three-cornered pink berries, opening to show their scarlet kernels. The smooth green stalks delicately support the bright coloured fruits; a few pointed leaves cling round them, touched with autumn's last glowing fires.

THIRTEENTH: A radiant sky, with pearly clouds climbing lightly up the airy heights, as if to reach the very zenith of the azure vault. The wind is very sweet and cold, and earth lies refreshed by the rain of many hours. But now all is clear again, and the clouds pass in long procession across the wonderful space of purest blue.

FOURTEENTH: The rich cloak of mosses and lichens on an old elm-trunk, of many

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glorious hues, thick soft green velvet, patches of pale gold and emerald and orange-yellow and silver-grey, all combining in a wonderful tapestried splendour to deck and cover the rough gnarled bark. Far overhead soar the great bare boughs to the sky.

FIFTEENTH: A long straight road shining with the past night's rain, and all its little pools of wet catching the pale sunbeams. It leads on as if across the world to its uttermost edge, and takes the thoughts with it into dreamland. The earth is dark and colourless now; the flowers have gone; the grass has lost its sheen; but the shining road calls and beckons to blue distances and lands of enchantment. Might it not lead to the solemn foot of some magic mountain which should itself be the ladder reaching towards the high-set pinnacles, the golden towers and silver spires of some divinest "castle in the air," in a world of rose-hung cloud, and moon, and stars?

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SIXTEENTH: A blue titmouse,—minute gem of colour in the dark leafless wood. The brilliant mite of a bird is clinging with tiny feet to the grey-green stem of a young sapling ash, and looks up sideways with bright black eye. This speck of life gives the quiet dusky place a vivid radiance, and the bare twigs are a background for the little jewel of turquoise and topaz, precious as any humming-bird of tropic climes.

SEVENTEENTH: Late moonrise. In marvellous stillness the waning moon slowly appears, gleaming palely golden through the soft blurred dark tree-tops. The glades and grassy stretches of the park are full of magic charm. And overhead, in a sea of limpid grey-blue sapphire, swim the faint lights of innumerable stars.

EIGHTEENTH: A mystic circle of tall, slender lime-trees in a quiet deserted old garden. They stand holding their delicate branches outwards as if sheltering some

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place sacred to Pagan prayer and thought, in the inviolable peace that belongs to undisturbed nature. Little rosy-breasted chaffinches flit about in the boughs, and a tiny wren with uplifted tail and mouse-like movements flutters in and out; but nothing else enters the sanctuary. As always in such a quiet outdoor place, the Unseen Intrinsic Presences make themselves felt, and their spirits hover in the air.

NINETEENTH: Deep storm-notes of the wind in the high trees, wonderful tones played over the swaying shaken branches, chanting of the North, and of great wild wind-swept spaces, and the glory of the strong hard winter,—the Song of the Flying Snow.

TWENTIETH: A branch of laurestinus, with delicate white flowers and buds of shell-pink on the red stems, showing brightly against the dusky leaves. An out-door

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blossom precious at this time of year, smiling in the dark garden, unafraid of winter and all his gusts and storms.

TWENTY-FIRST: The calm lake, holding in its breast the deep reflection of the windless sky and shadowy hills shrouded in a blue mysterious atmosphere. The naked poplars shine with silvery brightness in front of the darker tree-shapes, and the brown rushes fringe the shore where it comes down to meet the violet-blue water. In the midst of the beautiful reflected world, like dazzling white enchanted boats, float two mirrored swans.

TWENTY-SECOND: A hazy mild morning; the earth drowsily enwrapped in a dreamy white mist; the grass gleaming with light frost melting in wet drops. Among the reeds beyond the still river a snipe rises, with its sharp little cry, and disappears in

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the pearly vapour. Above, in clearest sunlight, a pure cobalt sky looks smiling down.

TWENTY-THIRD: The wintry hop-garden with its stacks of poles, like the tents of some wild gipsy nomads, standing up darkly against the flaming western sky. The wind sighs over the brown fields, and the rooks sail across, cawing in melancholy iteration. Earth is at rest.

TWENTY-FOURTH: Diamond drops on the short green grass,—tears of the melted frost.

TWENTY-FIFTH: At high tide, the wide river, with grey waves surging against wharf and wall,—while the incoming wind brings freshening thoughts of the sea.

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TWENTY-SIXTH: The wild rush of wind-driven clouds, over the world of leafless trees.

TWENTY-SEVENTH: Clear golden dawn,—the soft dying wind playing a delicious sighing melody in the distant woods, soothing the earth after last night's storm as with a lullaby, surging gently like the music of peaceful waves plashing on some yellow sandy shore. The sky melts from apricot in the east to purest azure, filled with that wonderful glassy clearness of rain-blest purity. And a few birds call and twitter in the gladness of the heavenly day.

TWENTY-EIGHTH: On the sloping bank, under a great oak-tree in the wild garden, a group of the little pink cyclamen, nodding in the wind, their curled-back petals light and dainty, with a jewel-like touch of crimson at the centre, the dark, flat leaves rimmed with a beautiful pattern, and with red undersides.

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Round the larger plants are other tiny ones with minute blossoms, seedlings of this year. They all cluster round the old tree trunk, like babes gathered for shelter; and their innocent beauty turns the sad autumn into spring.

TWENTY-NINTH: High cloud-shapes, and a cool sweet wind, blowing from off the hills.

THIRTIETH: Dark forests looming softly against a pearl-grey sky.

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DECEMBER

FIRST: In the wintry covert two charming sights. The sudden flight of a woodcock, with its brown and beautiful curving wings; and the first little yellow primrose set in its tufted leaves.

SECOND: A day of luminous silver silent mist.

THIRD: A dark shining holly-tree, with true green leaves and scarlet berries, holding out its decked branches lovingly over the bare earth, as if to guard and cover her till her cloak of grass and green things and bright spring flowers is spread again. Under the brown *débris* of autumn the bulbs are pushing up their pale shoots; and the robin sings, full of winter happiness.

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FOURTH: Moist fresh morning; dripping trees under the melting snow.

FIFTH: Wonderful clear blue-black night, starless, icily cold and pure.

SIXTH: Floating flushed clouds in a sky of morning turquoise; and all the grey houses of the town looking like an opalescent dream-city in the enchanted light.

SEVENTH: Delicate day of white and blue, and of soft thrilling breaths of gentle mild wind, as if a sweet spring day had slipped into winter's arms, and filled the earth with hopes and happy wandering thoughts.

EIGHTH: Golden moon, half hidden in gauzy golden cloud.

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NINTH: Clear sweet morning, purified with the fresh thrill of the frost; exquisite day of faintest colours. The graceful naked plane-trees are swinging their round tassels of brown fruits against the distant arch of the fair pale sky.

TENTH: Rosy sunrise sky, and the music of chiming bells ringing through the pure air like some echo from a heavenly symphony. The whole atmosphere is throbbing and vibrating with perfect colour and sweet sound.

ELEVENTH: High above the world of fog the clear silver moon, attended by a diamond star, riding serene in the sky. Glorious contrast of darkness and light.

TWELFTH: A ghost-vision of dream-like trees faintly showing through ephemeral white mist, with silence reigning absolute—a world of strange intangible vague beauty.

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THIRTEENTH: Flight of free happy pigeons high up in the golden afternoon sky.

FOURTEENTH: The park in soft mild dusky twilight. The walks look as if they led into infinite spaces. The noise of London is subdued to a far-off soothing murmur, and the distant lamps twinkle like stars come down to earth. Even the town at such moments has the remote delightful melancholy loneliness of the deep country.

FIFTEENTH: Dark blue mysterious night-sky, shedding on the soul the balm of utter undisturbed quiet, quenching its thirst with pure draughts from the profound wells of peace.

SIXTEENTH: The quiet Serpentine, sleeping in pearly mist, surrounded by hazy grey trees, watched over by a soft pale sky.

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Enchanted islands float in the waveless lake, which is the same melting colour as the atmosphere. It is a vague spirit-world of passionless beauty. Water-fowl call through the mist, but no living thing stirs visibly to dissipate the mystic influence of the dream-vision.

SEVENTEENTH: Night, and the dim trees reaching up and up, towards an unseen sky, through an atmosphere of deep sapphire.

EIGHTEENTH: High, high up, a wonderful break in the clouds—a rending of the veil of grey, and a dazzling glimpse of warm light —filling the heart with the joyous feeling of certainty that behind all darkness there is glory, and beyond the earth a yet unreached land of joy and peace.

NINETEENTH: Fairy net of grey-pearl mackerel cloudlets floating lightly over a

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slowly fading sunset of amber, scarlet, and gold; and the great spaces above of palest melting turquoise and green, which, at the touch of night, darken softly, to disclose the stars.

TWENTIETH: A branch of beech. A beautiful simple outline of dividing twigs, tipped with the pointed shining buds, swaying lightly in the wind, like arms and hands held up lovingly in the luminous evening to the brooding watchful tender sky.

TWENTY-FIRST: Flashing of white sea-gull wings over the great grey river.

TWENTY-SECOND: Delicious scent of the mossy earth, soft and moist with the rain.

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TWENTY-THIRD: The darkening fir-trees, with their soft blurred outline against the evening light. Silent and immovable they stand in the still air, sending their incense up to heaven, as if waiting in breathless expectancy for the shining of the Christmas star.

TWENTY-FOURTH: A sprig of holly, with its brilliant polished berries and many-pointed leaves of glossy green. Sign of life on a sunless day, when earth lies still in winter's cold embrace.

TWENTY-FIFTH: Christmas roses, pure and white, shining under the trees like stars new-fallen on the earth. Perfect fragile flowers, centred with bright gold, and the opening buds lightly flushed, amid the rich dark leaves. The snow delays its coming, but fair and white as snow these lie in purest beauty on earth's breast.

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TWENTY-SIXTH: The great company of clear stars, watching solemnly the passing of the old year. The earth is folded in mist and wrapped in sleep, but above, the dark sky is full of waking dazzling glories. Charles' Wain wheels slowly overhead; westward Cassiopeia leans from her starry throne; and the whole great space between is peopled with flashing worlds. And in the pure chill air of the divine winter night the spirit rises to wander in those heavenly fields.

TWENTY-SEVENTH: Glow of red morning light on the tree-trunks, gilding the fringed piney boughs of the cedars; and a clear pink blush in the pure sky. And over all the world a light white frost, as if earth had been brushed by an angel's wing and given heavenly beauty.

TWENTY-EIGHTH: Dreamy soft misty rain; the open fields wrapt in intense quiet,

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stretching out illimitably into the darkness; Night and Peace and Loneliness reigning over all.

TWENTY-NINTH: Lines of golden sunlight lying on the grass between the long tree-shadows. All things are wet and fresh and clean after the long night's rain; even the winter turf looks green and bright. The laughing sunshine fills the day with happy dreams.

THIRTIETH: Day of lovely skies. In the morning a chequered expanse of sunlit clouds and rifts of perfect blue, and wisps of torn wild grey floating past near the horizon, to the sweet accompaniment of the wind chanting among the trees. In the afternoon great banks of indigo rain-clouds looming fiercely over the earth, with the woods shining silver against them in the passing sun-gleams between the flying showers,—all frowns and smiles and tears. And then, late, the rising of the young moon, serene, in a sea-like

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steel-coloured sky of exquisite calmness; and a few rare planets peeping out gradually to shine like jewels in the soft and delicate dusk.

THIRTY-FIRST: A blooming of strangely early flowers,—a few starred gold-eyed winter aconites, and a heavenly blue scilla, and one perfect pearly snowdrop, pushing up through the moist brown soil. The scent of rain lingers in the air; the buds are showing on the branch-ends; and bird-songs ring through the glad garden. And so the Old Year touches hands with Spring.

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